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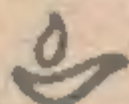
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A bunch of refreshing stories, a matter to laugh through comic pictures and all the regular features.

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NAGI REDDI



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CHAKRAPANI

SENSIBLE AND BOLD

Mankind is not always guided by right inspirations or right decisions. Often the wrong takes an upper hand. Today there are at least some people who think sensibly and boldly. Their ideas may give a jolt to many, still they deserve to be heard.

India was divided on the theory that Hindus and Muslims should have separate lands. History has proved that there is nothing to guarantee that people of one religion would form a harmonious nation. Pakistan was broken; Bangladesh was created. Even today, Pakistan has not been able to absorb the Muslims who left India and went there with great hopes. Yet Pakistan is instigating disturbances in Kashmir.

A veteran freedom-fighter and former Union Minister, Mr. Abdul Ghafoor, in an interview to a leading newspaper, observed, "To say that the division of India on communal lines was suicidal for our sub-continent would be only repeating a truism... Why can't the right thinking people of India, Pakistan and Bangladesh duly bury the rancour of the dark decades, wrench themselves free from the shackles of their political masters and make a determined bid to dissolve the artificial barriers separating them, to emerge as the biggest force in Asia?"

The statement deserves the most serious consideration.



WAR CLOUDS OVER MIDDLE EAST



Known as Mesopotamia in the olden days, Iraq in South West Asia is a country of 435,120 sq. kms in area. Its capital is the good old city, Baghdad. Tigris and Euphrates, two great rivers, flow through this land much of which is desert.

Close to its frontier is situated Kuwait, a much smaller country, with an area of only 24, 235 sq. kms. Much of Kuwait too is desert. But it is one of the richest countries in the world. Unfortunately most of the people are poor. The wealth is in the hands of a few.

The main source of wealth for both Iraq and Kuwait is oil. So many countries in the world

depend on the petroleum they pump out of the earth and they keep on increasing the price of the oil and grow richer and richer.

Kuwait has been ruled by a Sheikh family since 1756. The entire state power remains confined in that family. The ruler is called the Emir. The crown-prince acted as the prime minister to the Emir. All the other ministers hailed from the same family.

Iraq says that Kuwait was a part of its Basra province. It was made an independent Sheikhdom by the British who, as a great colonial power, could make and unmake kingdoms. Suddenly, in August this year, the huge Iraqi army ran over Kuwait. There was little resistance. The Emir escaped to Saudi Arabia. Iraq's argument is, Kuwait was illegally pumping out oil from Iraqi underground sources and making money.

If Kuwait was under a despotic ruler, Iraq is under a dictator. This dictator does not mind



applying the terrible, inhuman chemical weapons against its enemies. What are chemical weapons? There is a kind of gas, known as the Mustard Gas, which would form clouds on the enemy territory. The atmosphere would be pungent with a garlic

check the movement of Iraqi ships. It also wants to totally boycott Iraq. It wants all the countries to support it. But all the countries are not in a position to support it, for different reasons. At the same time every country wants that the clash between Iraq



smell and give men an awful burning sensation. Then the victims would die. Then there is a gas called Sarin. It has no smell. But if one inhales even a little of it, one would be totally paralysed and then die. So on and so forth.

America has sent a large force to Saudi Arabia. It is prepared to

and Saudi Arabia supported America should not result in a war. Thousands of Americans and Europeans living in Iraq and Kuwait are detained by the Iraqis. Their lives would be in danger if there is a war. The situation is pretty bad at the time of going to press.

THE WONDERFUL FAN



Once upon a time there was a king who had the hobby of collecting fans. He had a large number of bejewelled fans, ivory fans, fans made of peacock feathers and the feathers of other rare birds.

One afternoon, as the king was about to retire for a nap, he heard a peddler's cry:

Come everybody come, young
and old,

Have one for only fifty coins of
gold,

For it's no ordinary fan

Will last longer than your
frying pan.

The king at once came out to

his balcony to have a look at the wonder. But alas! To him they appeared just ordinary. The hawker was at once summoned to his presence.

"What is so extraordinary about your fans? Why should they cost so much?" asked the astonished king.

"Your Majesty," replied the peddler in a confident tone, "compared to the uniqueness of the fans the price is indeed reasonable. The fans are guaranteed to last for a full hundred years."

"Are you so very sure? They do not seem to be that strong or well-made!" observed the king.

"How can I dare deceive you, my king. I assure you that these fans will last for hundred years and even more," said the man reassuringly.

After a moment's hesitation the king paid the price demanded and bought a fan. In fact, he was more curious than fascinated. How can the peddler make such a tall claim?

"I will try your fan. But would

you meet me after ■ month?" asked the king.

"I will, my lord. Now, let ■ teach you how to ■ this extraordinary fan..."

"Begone! You won't have to waste our time! How to use a fan! Is that such a great science?" the king moved away.

After a little rest, the curious king picked up the new fan and waved it against his face. Well, it gave no more air than any ordinary fan would give. However, the king kept using it from time to time every day.

The central stick came off within a week and the fan completely fell apart in just ten days' time. "We

should demand the cheat's ears as replacements for his fan!" growled the angry king. But he was sure that the fan-man would never turn up.

But to his amazement, ■ promised, exactly after ■ month the peddler appeared before the king. "Your Majesty, I'm at your service," said he.

The king immediately burst out in anger, "You rogue! Look! There lies your wonderful fan! Can you recognise it now?"

The peddler looked at the fan and nodded and spoke calmly with his head bowed. "Nothing is wrong with the fan, my lord. It is perfect. With my humblest apologies, I must say that Your Majesty did not



know how to use it. It should have surely lasted a century, nay, even more!"

"Good gracious! You mean I know not how to fan myself?" retorted the king furiously. Picking up the broken, disintegrating stuff he showed the manner in which he had fanned.

"That's not the right way!" exclaimed the peddler.

"Then what other method exists, my dear man?" asked the king in a sterner voice.

"The fan should be very steadily held before the face, not to be moved at all. It's only the head of the user that is to sway from side to side. Thus the fan could not

only outlive its first owner but also his great grandchildren. The fault, your Majesty, is not in the fan but in the manner in which you have used it," said the hawker in a measured tone. Then he added, "Did I not try to teach you the method? But you had no patience to hear me! How can you call me a rogue?"

The king who had a good sense of humour, at first looked agape and then almost split his sides laughing.

"My good peddler," said he, smiling, "from today onwards I appoint you the curator-in-chief of my unique collection of fans."

—A K D.





A folktale from China

THE FIRE-BIRD'S NEST

Wang paid a visit to his maternal uncle's house in a remote village. There were very few people in the village who knew Wang, for he seldom came there.

Wang was shocked to see the condition of the villagers. There was a drought. As a result, the crop had failed. The villagers who were mostly poor, had no rice with them. The situation was critical.

However, there was one man in the village who had plenty of rice with him. The stock he had was sufficient to feed the villagers for two years. But he was a mean and cruel landlord. He only knew how to take, not how to give. He had harassed and swindled practically all the villagers, but nobody dared to go against him since he was a rich man. In times of need

they had to stretch their palms before him for loans, despite the fact that he took high interest and was inhuman towards his debtors.

Wang was moved to pity for the villagers. From what he heard, he understood that the landlord was not a very intelligent man. He decided to take advantage of the fellow's greed and foolishness.

One day, late in the afternoon, Wang crept into the landlord's garden and began climbing a tall, bushy tree. He pretended to do so secretly, but he attracted the landlord's notice deliberately.

"What are you doing there?" shouted the landlord, rushing towards the tree.

"Nothing much, sir, I do not wish to steal anything from your garden save an old, deserted nest!" replied the young man.

"An old nest? What for?" ask-

ed the landlord with great curiosity.

"Please don't press ■■■ to divulge the secret. An old nest, which the wind would blow away, is all that I ■■■ taking. It matters nothing to you, whereas I have come all the way from the town, after an astrologer told me that it is to be found in your garden," said Wang.

Needless to say, this further increased the landlord's curiosity. "I won't allow you to take away even a small stick from the nest unless you tell me why it is so important to you!" he declared.

Wang feigned helplessness and said, "Well, sir, if you ■■■ bent upon knowing the reason, I have

to disclose it to you. A learned man like you must have heard about the fire-bird!"

The landlord knew what is fire and what is bird, but had never heard of the fire-bird. But he was not prepared to show his ignorance. He nodded wisely.

"Well, sir, as you know, a fire-bird builds ■ nest only once in a thousand years. Once he deserts the nest, one of the sticks of the nest becomes charged with ■ magic power. Whoever puts it on his head becomes invisible. This tree has a fire-bird's nest. I must carry the whole nest and try the sticks one after another to find out which one has the magic in it. I hope, you won't mind it," said



the young man.

"Won't mind it? Why shouldn't I? The tree is mine. Naturally, the nest in it is mine! Who are you to take it away?" demanded the landlord.

Wang laughed and said, "If you won't let me have it, I will see to it that you too don't get it. I know the hymn by which the nest would be destroyed. Just wait!"

Wang began muttering some abracadabra.

"Wait, young man, wait!" cried out the landlord. "Don't destroy it, but give it to me and I will pay you a hundred coins for it!"

"A hundred coins for the fire-bird's nest! Pooh!" said Wang.

"All right. Let it be five hundred

coins."

"I don't want your coins. Give me five hundred bags of rice!" demanded Wang. The landlord was at first reluctant to pay such a price, but ultimately yielded.

Wang called the villagers and distributed the rice bags among them. Then he climbed the tree and brought a crow's nest down and ceremoniously handed it over to the landlord.

The excited landlord ran into his house and called his wife and kept the nest before her. "Don't ask me any silly questions. Just tell me when you cannot see me," he said and began keeping one after another stick on his own head.



This appeared so funny to the lady that after the third stick, she said, "I can't see anything!" Then she walked away.

The landlord was delighted, for he was sure that he had become invisible. He walked away.

Soon he was in front of a sweetmeat stall. The owner had arranged some fresh sweets in a plate. The landlord, sure that nobody can see him, began eating them. The stall-owner did not murmur, because he expected the payment later. When the landlord walked away without paying, the stall-owner concluded that he would pay the money the next day.

Encouraged by the success, the landlord walked fast and reached the bazar a mile away. A grocer was counting his money before closing his shop. The crisp, ring-

ing, dazzling coins were quite inviting. He picked up a handful of them, sure that he was invisible. Alas, the grocer grabbed him and threw him flat on the ground. The landlord tried to run away, but the shop-keeper's neighbours caught hold of him and gave him a sound thrashing.

The villagers were still making merry when the landlord, looking miserable, returned to the village. As soon as Wang saw him, he came near him and asked in a whisper, "What happened?"

"Why did the magic stick stop working after a while?" asked the landlord, breathing heavily.

Wang ran his fingers through the landlord's hair and asked, "But where is the stick? You have already lost it!"

"That explains!" said the landlord with a sigh.





THE BANDIT PRINCE

14

(In order to destroy the hide-out of the rebels, Vir Singh led an expedition into the forest, under the pretext of hunting. Sage Jayananda could exercise a strange hold over the animals of the forest. He had also imparted the secret to Sandip, the young prince. The animals suddenly attacked the king and his men who had to flee.)

Vir Singh felt terribly humiliated. He had been snubbed once beforehand, when a sudden flood destroyed his army which was about to invade Amritpur. But to be driven out of the forest by the beasts was the height of humiliation.

Vir Singh did not come to his court for some days. The com-

mander of his army, Jabarsen, and the other officials looked quite gloomy. But the incident in the jungle did one good. Vir Singh's pride was curbed. Although he never believed in astrology, now he began to think that perhaps times were bad for him, and that he should lie low for some years. Thus a few years

THE PRINCE STRIKES



rolled by.

Yes, his pride was curbed, but his nature remained the same. His spies informed him that the rebels were getting support not only from Amritpur, the kingdom of King Shanti Dev's father-in-law, but also from Jainagar, the small principality ruled by Shankar Varma, the chieftain.

To swallow Amritpur was Vir Singh's dream, but that was not going to be easy. The army of Amritpur had grown stronger, the king was no longer sick. But Vir Singh could surely teach Shankar Varma a lesson!

"Shankar Varma is very proud

of his wealth. Over and above the wealth, recently he has found a hidden treasure. His men were digging at the sight of the old palace of his ancestors when they discovered the beautiful image of a deity, Kanaka Durga, made of solid gold. "It is a beautiful idol!" the minister informed Vir Singh.

"I don't care even if it is not beautiful as long as it is made of gold. Gold! Gold!! That is what we need. Our plan for buying arms in exchange for rice did not succeed. It will be easier to buy arms paying gold for it," mused Vir Singh.

Jabarsen, the general, who was listening to Vir Singh, looked very bright. "My lord," he said, "should we invade Jainagar?"

"Tut, tut!" said Vir Singh with a sneer, "Did we make you the general of the army of Sumedh for your hunting a rabbit for us? Jainagar has no army; it is protected by Sumedh as well as Amritpur. If we attack it, Amritpur will rush to its rescue. Are you prepared to face the army of Amritpur?"

Jabarsen hung his head. Vir Singh resumed, "No. We cannot openly run over Jainagar. But we

always demand our fee for protecting it. Now, let us send our message to Shankar Varma. I am sure, he would not be audacious enough to disregard it!"

* * *

Spirit was running high in Jainagar. A grand idol had been found under the ruins of the old palace. Surprisingly, there was not a scratch on the gold image. Chieftain Shankar Varma was delighted. A small shrine had been built for the deity to dwell in it. Date and time had been decided for the installation ceremony.

Shankar Varma was strolling in his garden when an official greeted him and said, "My lord, a messenger has arrived from Shantipur."

Shankar Varma's brows were raised. "Messenger from Shantipur? From Vir Singh? All right. Bring him here."

The official ushered in the messenger who bowed to Shankar Varma and said, "Our King, Vir Singh, sends his compliments to you and reminds you about his dues!"

"His dues? We do not know of anything due to any kingdom!" said Shankar Varma.



"Well, I have been asked to tell you that your principality is safe because of the protection you have been receiving from Sumedh. It is high time you paid him that account," informed the messenger.

"I see!" Shankar Varma remained silent for a moment and then asked, "What is the expectation of your master?"

"My master will be pleased to receive the gold image of Kanaka Durga you have just found," informed the messenger.

Shankar Varma was visibly annoyed. But he did not show it. He tried to be courteous. "Look



here, you royal messenger, I have no right to hand over the idol to anybody. We have declared that the deity would be installed in the shrine we have just built. It is a small shrine, but we plan to build a much bigger shrine before long. We propose to invite the rulers of Sumedh as well as Amritpur to the ceremony when the deity would be transferred to the bigger temple," said Shankar Varma.

"My lord, I am here to deliver a simple message to you. Either you must agree to hand over the idol to our king, or you must be ready to lose it!" said the mes-

senger, his eyes fixed on the ground. No doubt, the messenger was more sensible than Vir Singh. He felt very awkward to utter such threats.

"Hm!" Shankar Varma looked towards the sky and said, "Messenger, go and tell your master that we cannot part with the idol. If he so wishes, we may pay him some money. But even that would be fulfilling an unjust demand. The illustrious kings who ruled Sumedh earlier had never demanded anything like this! You may go."

The messenger bowed to Shankar Varma and left. Shankar Varma resumed his stroll.

Alas! Vir Singh was prepared to receive a negative answer from Shankar Varma. In fact, he had asked Jabarsen and a battalion of the army to camp at the frontier of Jainagar so that they could act before it was too late. Vir Singh feared that Shankar Varma might look for Amritpur's help or at least hide the gold image. Any such move must be thwarted.

As soon as the messenger reached the frontier and told Jabarsen that his mission had failed, Jabarsen and the battalion

of his army got ready to march into Jainagar. He commanded his soldiers to gather before him. "Listen, boys!" he began. "We are marching toward the castle of Chieftain Shankar Varma. I do not expect you to face any resistance. But..."

"Wait!"

The shrill voice came from some hiding nearby. Jabarsen was surprised. As he looked in an agitated manner to locate the source of the voice, an arrow came swishing through the leaves and fell before him. A letter was tied to it. Jabarsen was familiar with this way of the rebels. He picked it up and read: "We ask you to leave Jainagar and Shankar Varma in peace. Treat this as a warning. By order of Prince Sandip."

Prince Sandip! This was a new move by the rebels. Beforehand their messages carried no name. Now they seem to be organised under some authority. Who is this Prince Sandip? Jabarsen did not know, but a dark fear crept into his mind. What would have happened if the archer would have aimed the arrow at his chest or head? How can he lead the battalion into Jainagar knowing

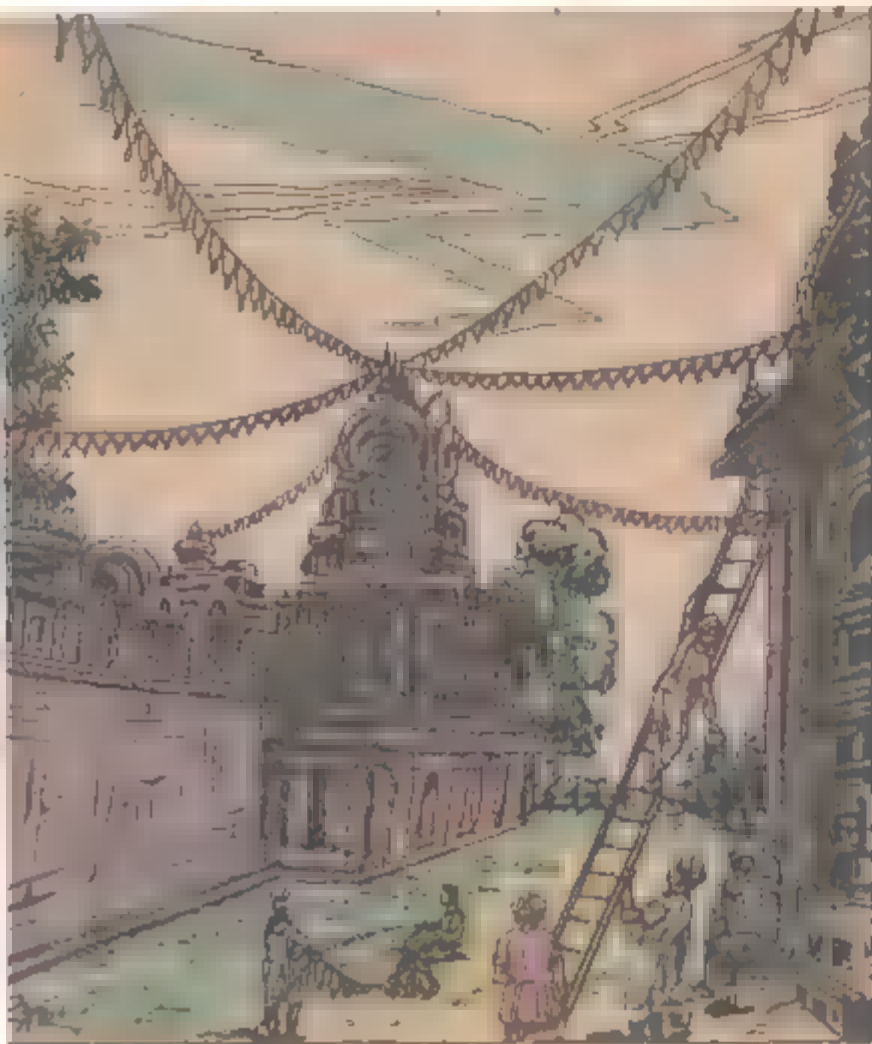


fully well that he was being followed by some enemies?

Jabarsen felt like beating a retreat, but his fear of Vir Singh proved greater than his fear of the unknown enemy. "March forward!" he called out to his soldiers.

It was the evening before a full-moon night. The people of Jainagar, ignorant of the threats sent to their chieftain by Vir Singh, were happily preparing for the installation of the deity in the shrine. It was to take place the very next day.

They were surprised to see a battalion of the army heading



towards their chieftain's castle. They followed the soldiers, keeping a safe distance. Someone ran and informed Shankar Varma about the intrusion. Shankar Varma came out to the main portals of his castle.

"What do you want?" he asked Jabarsen.

"The gold image of Kanaka Durga," replied Jabarsen.

"Did I not tell your messenger that I cannot part with it?" asked Shankar Varma.

"We will make you part with it, through force if necessary," informed Jabarsen.

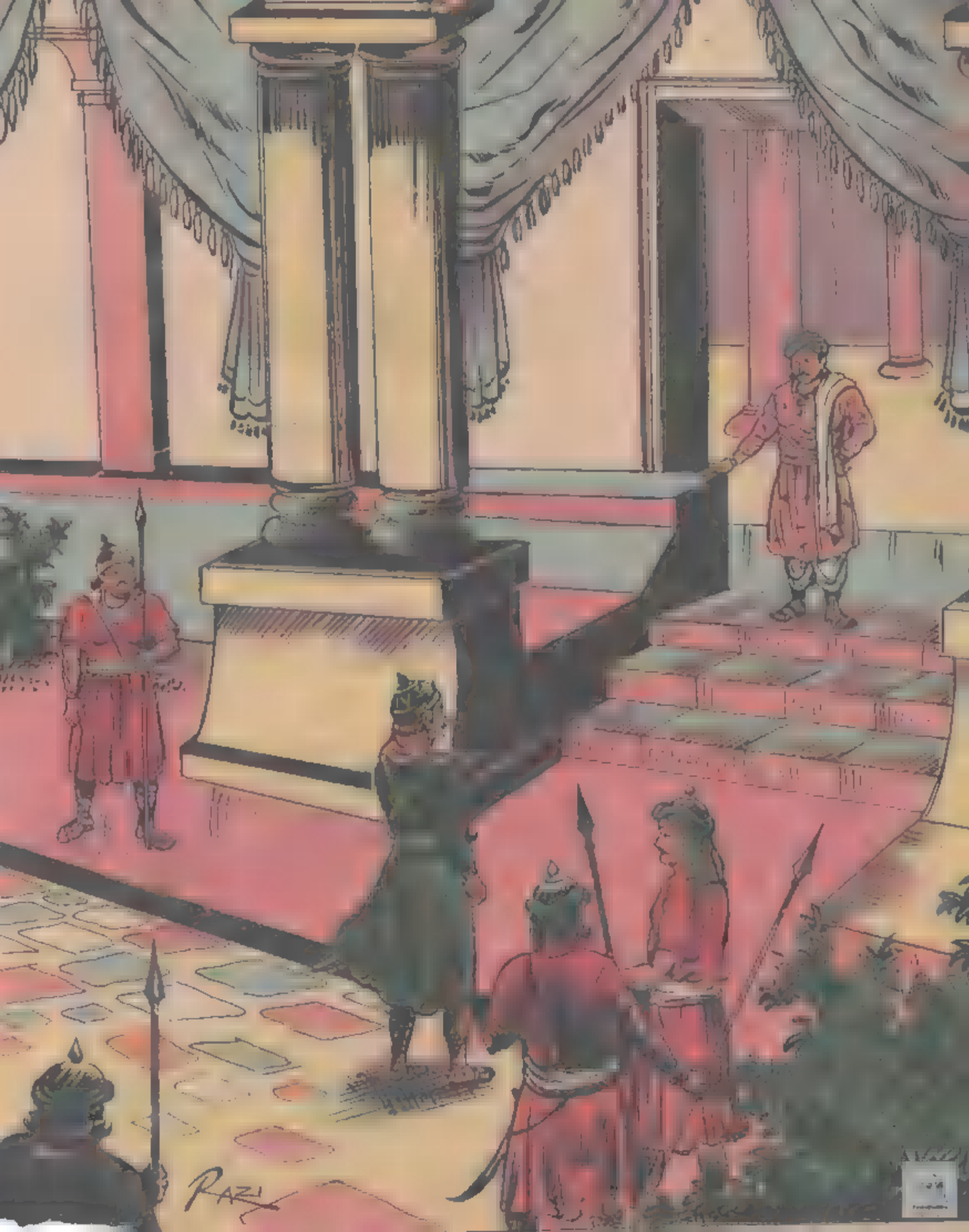
Shankar Varma stood in

silence for a moment. He then said, "I cannot afford any bloodshed. Do as you please!"

Jabarsen was led by his spies into the right room. He picked up the idol. Just then a messenger from Vir Singh whispered something in his ears. Vir Singh had instructed him to carry the idol by boat on the narrow river. The soldiers were to march along the banks, protecting the boat on both the sides. Vir Singh got the scent of the rebels stalking Jabarsen's party. It would be safe to carry the idol by boat, with the soldiers keeping pace with it. It would not be easy for the rebels to jump into the river to snatch the idol!

Two men sat in the small boat, holding the luminous idol. Four boatmen worked at the oars. The voyage seemed smooth. Jabarsen was feeling assured that his mission had been a success.

At one place there were several large banyan trees on both the banks of the river. As the soldiers came under them, at a little distance a firework burst into the sky. Their attention went towards the dazzling event. Suddenly the two men holding the



RAZI

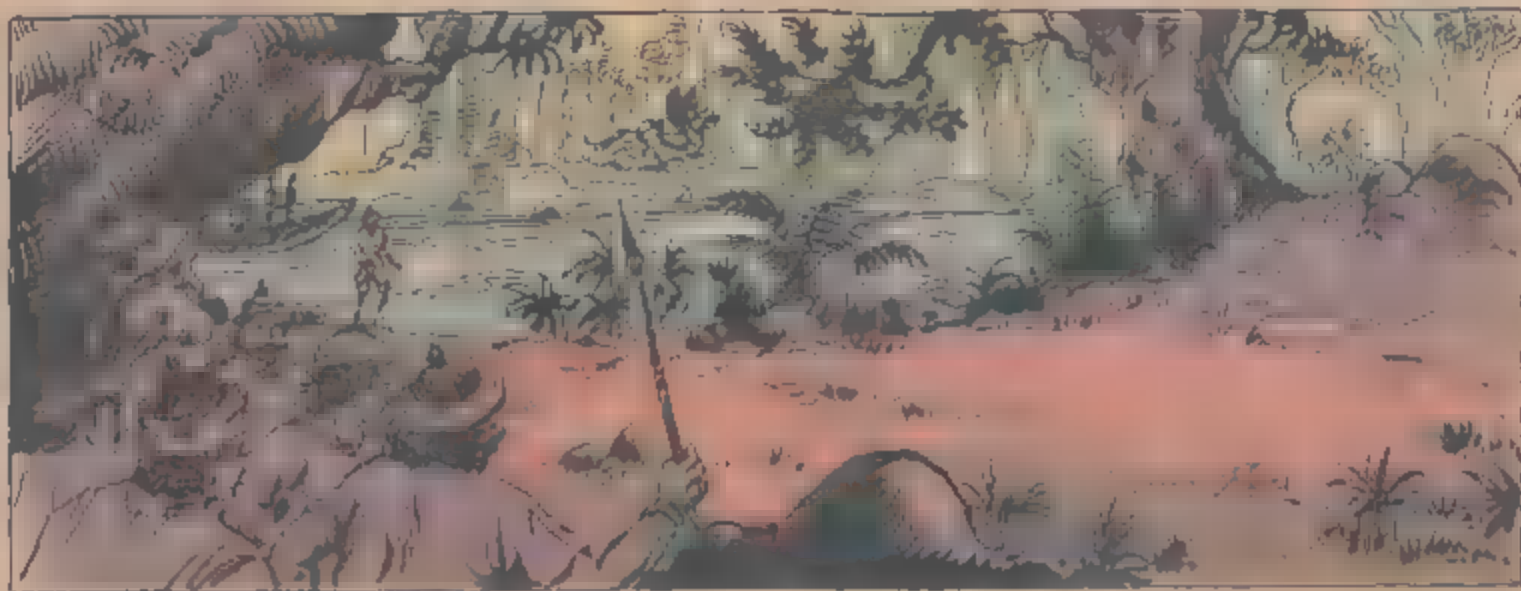


image saw a ghost-like figure swinging towards them, from one banyan tree. The very next moment they saw the idol gone! The swinging apparition held on to a rope in one hand and picked up the idol with the other hand and descended on the opposite shore. The soldiers on the other bank

were still gazing at the firework. By the time the men on the boat cried out "Bandit!" the bandit had hopped onto a horse waiting on the bank and galloped away.

The soldiers looked agape at the figure disappearing in the moonlight.

—To continue

TWO CLEVER BOYS

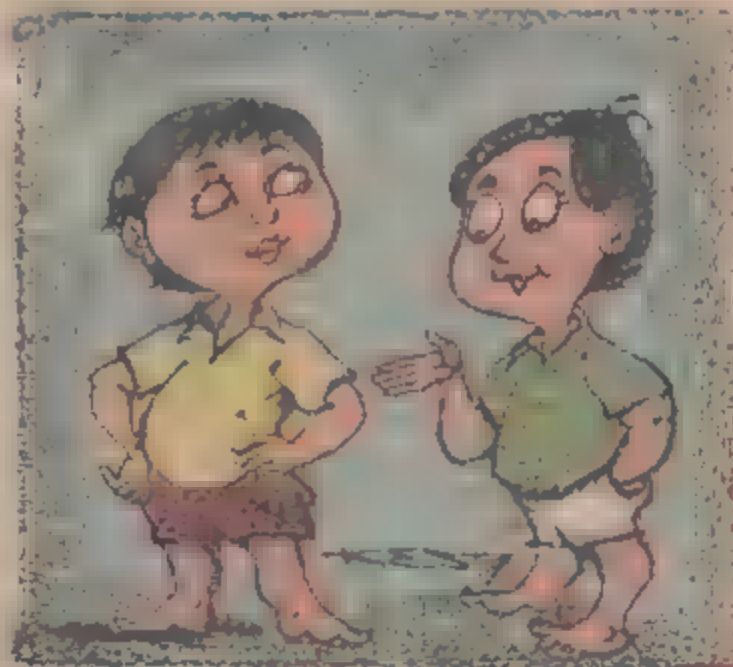
Jhum and Sabu considered themselves very clever. One day Jhum asked Sabu, "What do you have in your pocket?"

"The last few of the toffees I have been eating the whole day," said Sabu.

"Will you give me one?"

"Why one, if you can correctly say how many are there in my pocket, I will give away both!"

"Let me then guess—well—three!"





NEW TALES OF KING VIKRAM AND THE VAMPIRE

The Man With The Magic Mirror

Dark was the night and weird the atmosphere. It rained from time to time. At the intervals of the roars of thunder and the moaning of jackals could be heard the eerie laughter of spirits. Flashes of lightning showed fearful faces.

But King Vikram swerved not. He climbed the ancient tree once again and brought the corpse down. However, as soon as he began crossing the desolate cremation ground with the corpse lying on his shoulder, the vampire that possessed the corpse said, "O King, being the monarch, you enjoy more wealth, more power and more fame than anybody else. Even then you are performing some difficult ritual at this unearthly hour of the night. Why? The answer may not be known to you, but it is known to me. You desire to have even more wealth or more power or more fame. Alas!"



Such is the nature of man that it is never satisfied with any possession. It craves for more and more of everything. Let me tell you the story of a man who desired to have fame."

The vampire went on: In the village Vanagiri lived Dayaram, a wealthy landowner. He was loved and respected by everybody. It was because he was kind to all. Vanagiri was situated on the highway extending from one town to another town. The doors of Dayaram's house remained always open for any traveller who needed a little rest and some food.

Dayaram had no son or daughter. When he grew old and fell ill, Sukesh, the son of his sister, came to stay with him and serve him. Indeed, Sukesh served him well. Before his death, Dayaram willed his property to Sukesh.

Many people came to Sukesh to convey their condolence when Dayaram died. Everybody referred to the departed man as a noble soul, a philanthropist. Sukesh developed the desire to become as famous as his late uncle and benefactor.

He too was eager to receive visitors, but it was rarely that anybody came to his house. Most of the travellers relaxed at the roadside rest-house built by the king and bought food from the nearby inn.

One day Sukesh saw a holy man and invited him to his house. The holy man obliged him. Sukesh fed him well and when the holy man was in a relaxed and happy mood, said, "My late lamented uncle was famous for his philanthropy."

"I know. I knew Dayaram very well," said the holy man.

"I have nothing to hide from you. I too wish to be known as a

philanthropist. But the pity is, not many people visit my house or seek my help. Can you do something about it?" asked Sukesh.

The holy man smiled and said, "You want more and more people to benefit by your hospitality, do you? Very well. I will give you a mirror. Hang it against the wall of your guest room. Your desire will be fulfilled."

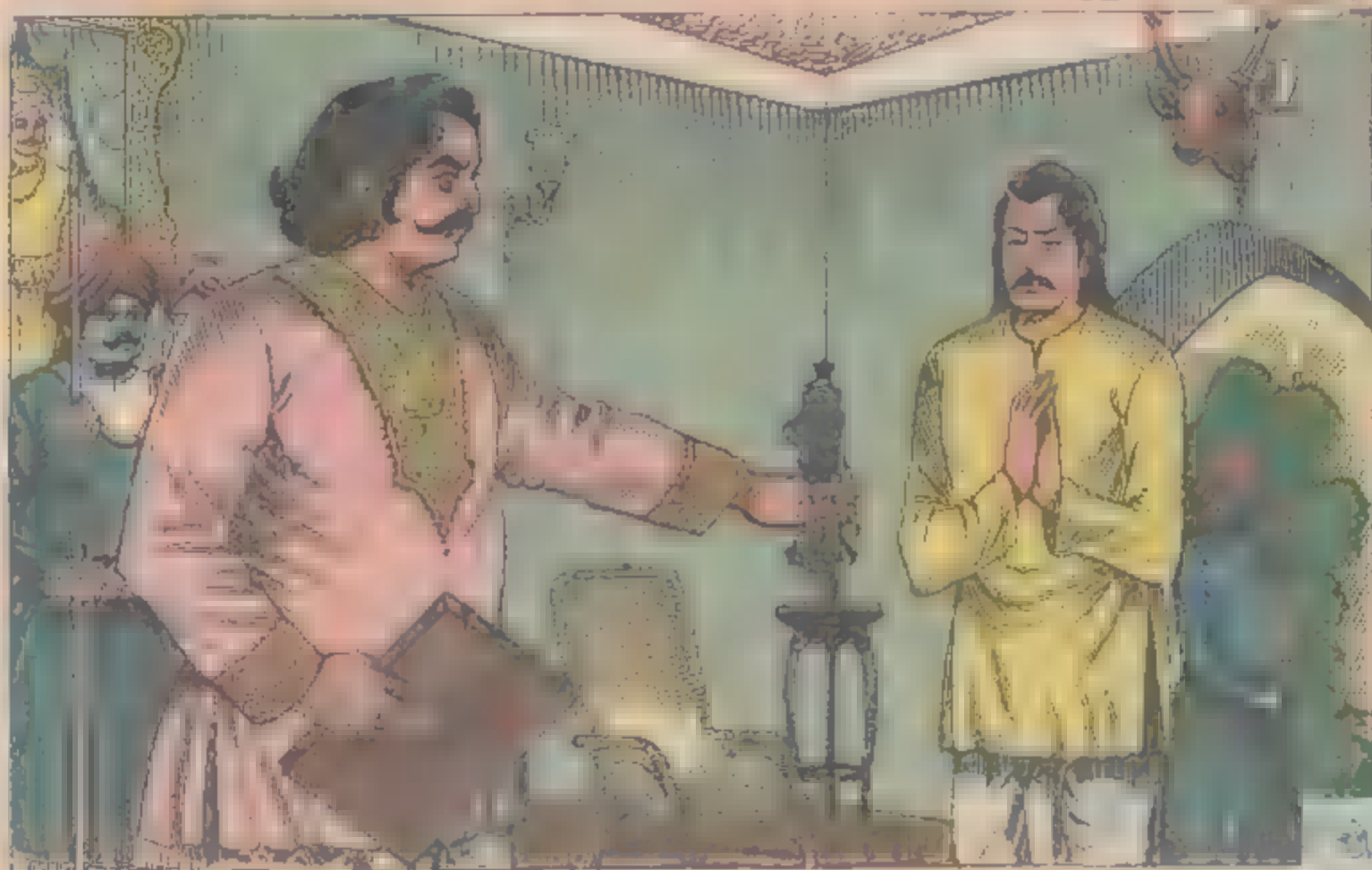
The holy man handed over the mirror to Sukesh before departing. Sukesh hung it in his guest room.

Next day two weary travellers became his guests. Sukesh observed that they spent a long

time standing before the mirror. Two days later, on their return journey, they again sought his hospitality and began gazing at the mirror.

After the guests left, Sukesh himself looked at the mirror. He was surprised. He never knew that he was that handsome! Soon he found out that the mirror showed a person's face so charming that it really was. That is why the people were enamoured of their reflections in the mirror.

Now, Sukesh had plenty of guests. By and by everybody knew about the magical quality of the mirror. Many people came



to see the mirror. Sukesh entertained them to meals or tiffins or at least tender coconut juice, depending on the time of the day when they came.

One day the landlord of the area sent a message to Sukesh, asking him to come to his mansion with the magic mirror. Sukesh obeyed him. But as soon as the landlord saw his reflection in the mirror, he threw it away, angrily. Luckily, the mirror did not break.

Sukesh picked up the mirror and looked into it. He understood why the landlord had grown so angry. The mirror showed him as uglier than he was!

Sukesh quietly returned home and hung the mirror once again on the wall and looked into it. He looked more charming than he was. Now the mystery was resolved. Everyone has in him or her some beautiful traits and some ugly traits. The mirror magnified the beautiful traits in one's face as long as it was in his guest room. Once it was taken out, it did the opposite. It magnified the ugly traits in one's face.

Soon the landlord heard about it. He visited Sukesh's house and

sat in a chair in front of the mirror. He summoned a painter and ordered him to draw his portraits following the reflection. The painter did so. Some more wealthy and influential men of the locality also followed the example set by the landlord.

Sukesh was happy. He was sure that people must be referring to him as a great philanthropist or as a generous man, for he never let anybody leave his house without feeding him.

Once it became necessary for Sukesh to visit the capital of the kingdom. He feared that in his absence the magic mirror may be stolen. He carried it with him.

It was evening when he reached the capital. He did not know anybody there. He asked a town-dweller where he could find shelter for the night.

"Wherefrom do you come?" asked the gentleman.

"From Vanagiri," replied Sukesh.

"From the village of Dayaram the philanthropist! Welcome! You can be my guest." The gentleman led Sukesh to his own house and made his stay comfortable. In course of their conversation, Sukesh asked him, "Do you

know anybody else at Vanagiri?"

"I don't know anybody else, but I have heard of Sukesh, the man with the magic mirror," replied the host.

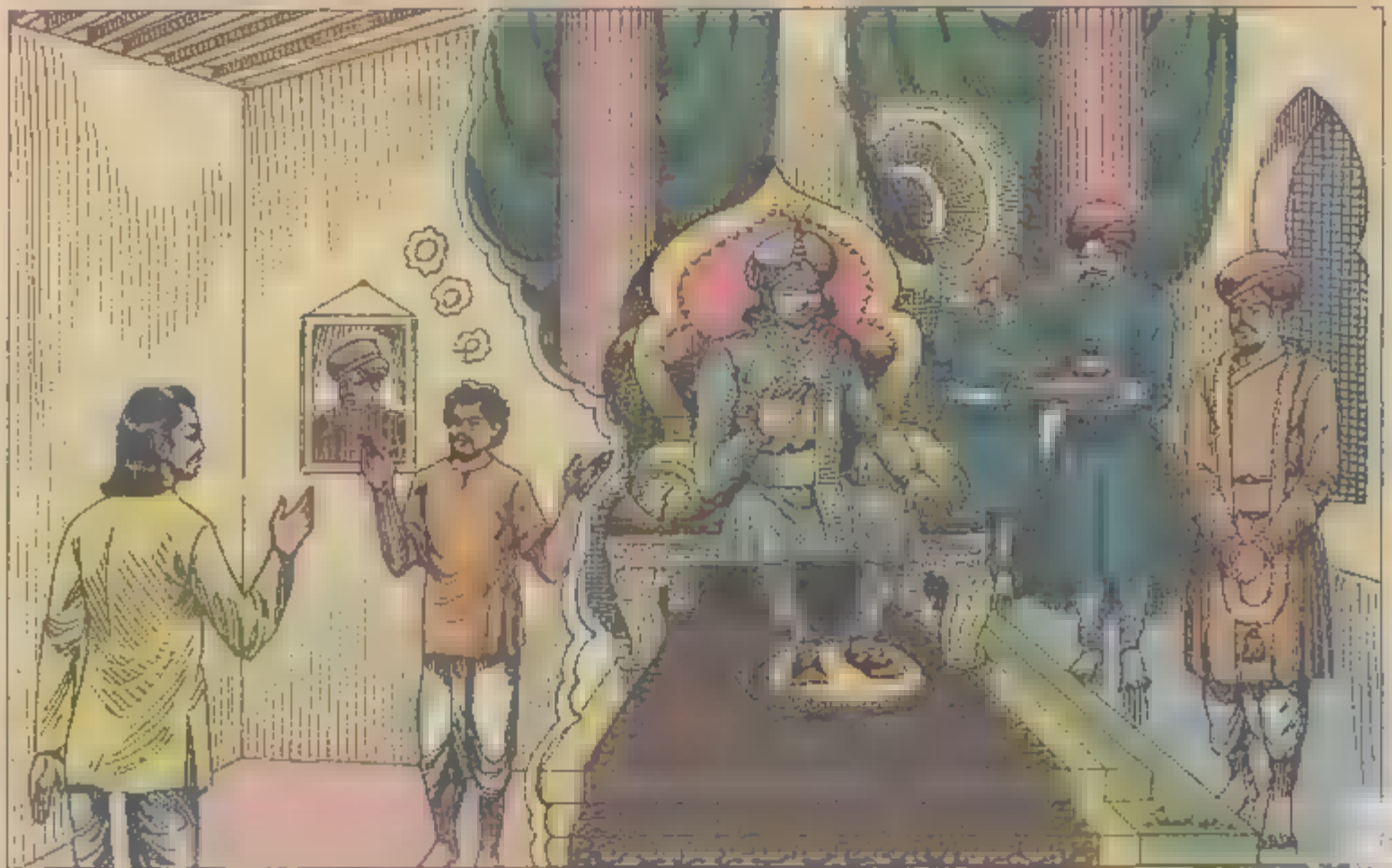
Sukesh felt depressed. His host did not refer to him as Sukesh the philanthropist!

Next day, he talked to several people in the town. Everybody referred to Dayaram as the philanthropist and to himself as the man with the magic mirror!

His work over, he began his return journey. On the way, by chance, he met the holy man. After bowing to him, he said, "Sir, I am grateful to you. Please take back your mirror."

"I am glad that the mirror has functioned well. Yes, you can return it to me. I wish you well," said the holy man, taking back the mirror.

The vampire paused for a moment and then demanded of King Vikram in a challenging tone, "O King, can you resolve some doubts of mine? How is it that nobody referred to Sukesh as Sukesh the philanthropist? Why did Sukesh express his gratefulness to the holy man? What did the holy man mean by saying that the mirror had functioned well? Answer me if you can. Should you keep mum despite your knowledge of the answer,



your head would roll off your neck!"

Answered King Vikram forthwith, "Dayaram was kind-hearted by nature. People spontaneously referred to him as a philanthropist. Sukesh showed kindness to others because he desired to be famous. Kindness was not a natural quality of his nature. He wanted to attract people to his house through some artificial means, by the help of the magic mirror. Well, people came to his house attracted by the mirror, not by his kindness. Between his hospitality and his mirror, the mirror was more attractive. Hence the people referred to him as Sukesh the man with the magic mirror.

"Sukesh was ambitious, but he was no fool. He understood that one cannot gain the reputation of

being kind-hearted following such abnormal ways. His uncle was known as kind-hearted because he was really kind-hearted by nature. The holy man helped Sukesh to understand this truth.

"Now remains your last question. The holy man said that the mirror had functioned well because, through the mirror, he had wanted Sukesh to realise the futility of trying to gain fame for something which one did not have. True fame comes out of one's true quality, not merely out of eagerness to become famous. Sukesh surely became famous, but as the owner of the magic mirror, not a philanthropist."

No sooner had the king concluded his answer than the vampire, along with the corpse, gave him the slip.



CHANDAMAMA SUPPLEMENT-24
TREASURY OF KNOWLEDGE

WHO IS SHE?

This was in early 16th century. The hill-top fort of Chitor the capital of Mewar, was surrounded by a large army, led by Bahadur Shah, the ruler of Gujarat. It was a bad time for Mewar, because the king was sick. The nobles met in a conference. "We have nobody to lead us in the battlefield. Hence our defeat is certain," a chieftain said.

Suddenly a voice was heard from the other side of the window. "We may be defeated because the enemy has a much larger army and it has come prepared to take the fort. But let not the future say that there was nobody to lead the defence of Chitor. Here I am!"

The speaker, a woman, came out, sword in hand.

Who was she?

DO YOU KNOW?

1. Who was the Hindu king to establish a great empire comprising the Indonesian and Malay archipelagoes?
2. Where was situated his capital?
3. Who was the first Tibetan king to embrace Buddhism and introduce it in his country and when?
4. Which city did he establish?
5. Who was his emissary to India?

THE CITY OF SRAVASTI

A modern village in Uttar Pradesh, known as Sahet Mahet, contains the ruins of the great city of Sravasti on the river Rapti. The epics and the Puranas refer to this city several times and inform us that it bears the name of Sravasta, a king of the Ikshaku dynasty, who founded it.

During the time of the Buddha, it was the capital of Koshala, a prosperous kingdom ruled by King Prasenjit. It was a well-planned city with beautiful parks and promenades, lakes and gardens laid out in and around it. It was a centre of commerce, for, ancient literature tells us that many merchants lived in the city. Among them was Sudatta who became a disciple of the Buddha. At Sudatta's request the Buddha visited the city and camped in the garden known as Jetavana, named after its owner, Prince Jeta. Later a large Vihara or monastery was founded here. Do you know the story of Angulimala, the bandit? He had taken a vow to wear a garland made of thousand human thumbs. He stationed himself in a forest and



killed travellers and collected their thumbs and knit them into his garland. King Prasenjit planned to capture him. The bandit's mother met him to warn him about the danger. By then Angulimala was in need of only one more thumb to complete his vow. He decided to take his mother's thumb. Just then the Buddha saw him and transformed his heart. He became the

NEWS FLASH

Sravasta



Buddha

Buddha's disciple. While collecting alms in the streets of Sravasti, he was attacked by a crowd which recognised him. He suffered their blows without resistance, following his Master's instruction, and died.

The village Sahet Mahet contains the ruins of castles and palaces under its soil and bears the memory of the past in its atmosphere.

HOW TO TACKLE PAIN

Injury, disease, such things bring us physical pain. But the same situation can cause less pain in one and more in another. An experiment in Ohio University showed that some rabbits did not react to a painful situation as gravely as the other rabbits did. It was because these rabbits were handled by a student who played with them and really loved them. The rabbits had developed a joyful mood.



THE WONDER GIRL OF BENGAL

Moushumi Chakraborty of Adra in Bengal is running eight, but she is already preparing for the Madhyamik (Secondary) examination. Of course, the board has to give her special permission for this! She is unusually bright and brilliant.

LET US EXPLORE THE WORLD OF LITERATURE

1. What is the oldest literature of Egypt and one of the oldest in the world?
2. Who is known as the Father of History?
3. Who was the author who became a great source of inspiration behind the French Revolution?
4. What was the nature of his writing?
5. What is supposed to be the most influential French novel of the 19th century? Who is the author?

WHO IS SHE?

Karnavati, the Queen of Mewar.

DO YOU REMEMBER

1. Sri Vijaya.
2. At Palembang in Sumatra.
3. King Strong-tsan Gampo, in the 7th century.
4. Lhasa, the capital of Tibet.
5. Thonmi Sambhotra, who carried Buddhist texts from India and also the early Devanagari

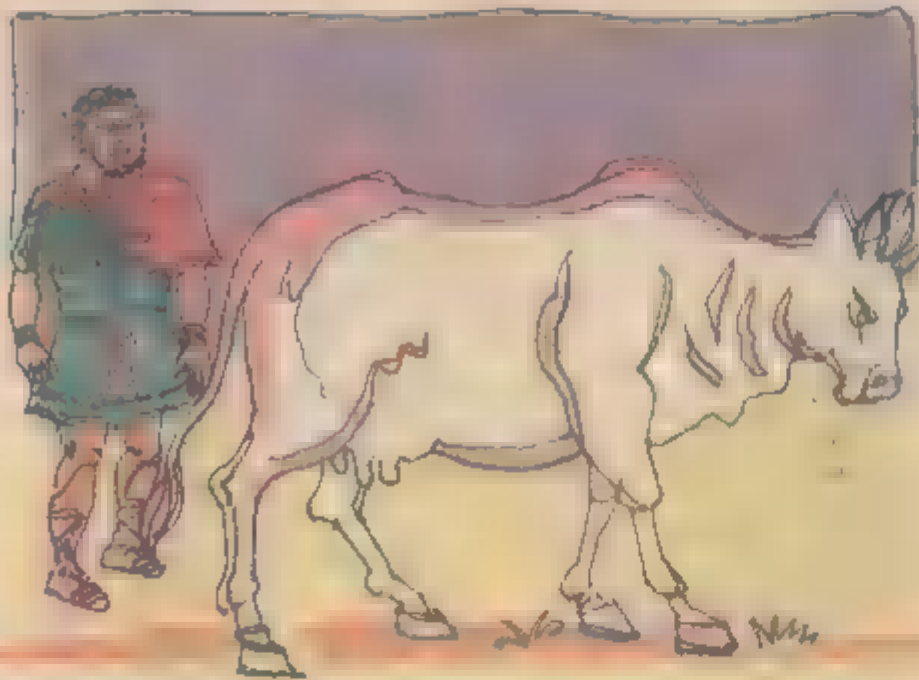
script which became the basis of Tibetan script.

LITERATURE

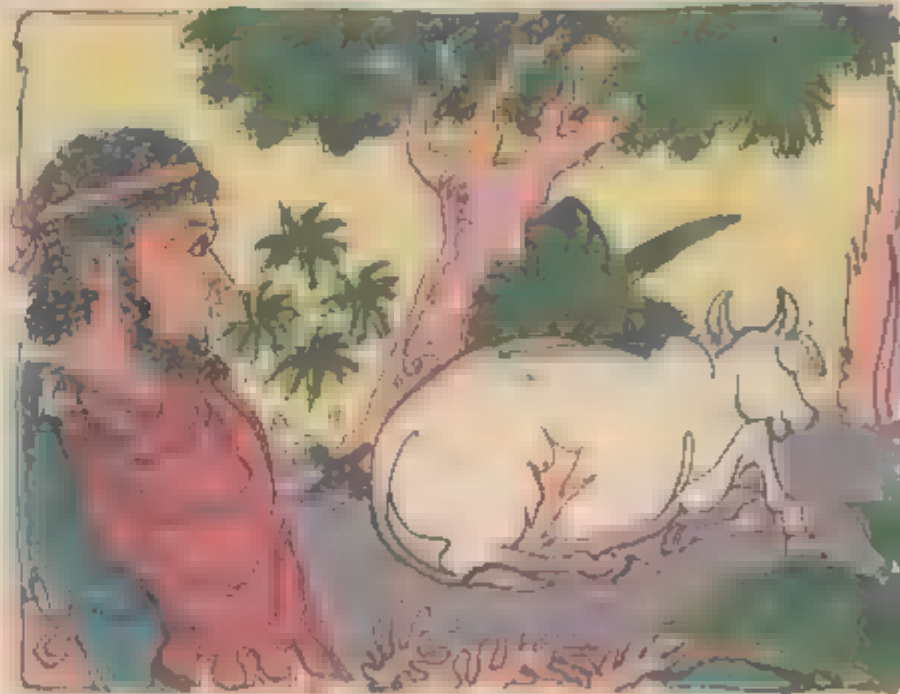
1. The Book of the Dead.
2. Herodotus (484-425 B.C.).
3. Voltaire.
4. Satire.
5. *Les Misérables*, by Victor Hugo.

SOWING THE DRAGON'S TEETH

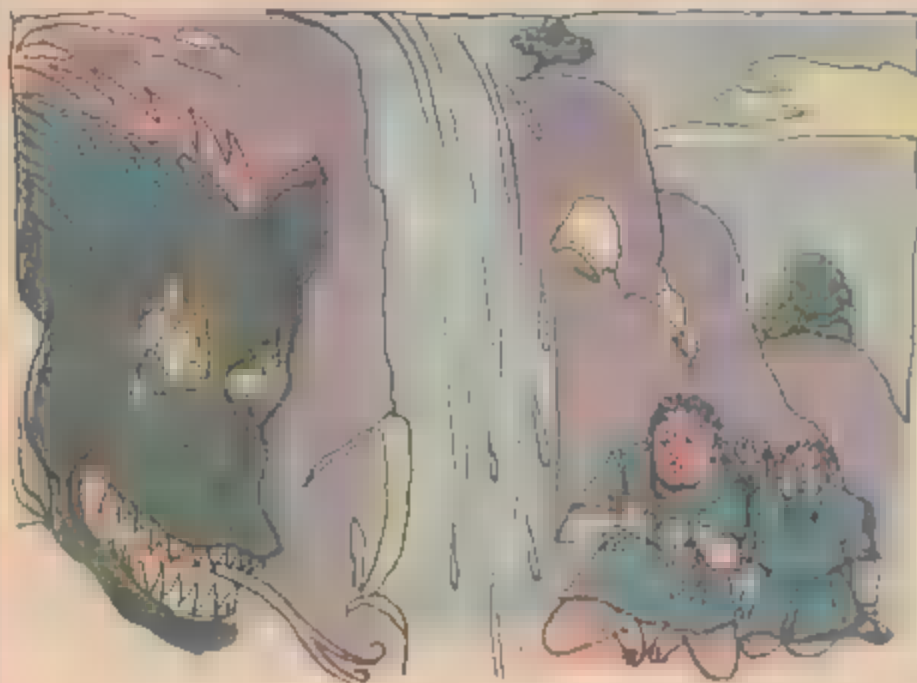
Cadmus, the Prince of Tyre, was once told by an oracle that if he sees a cow with certain marks he should follow it, and should found a city where the cow would lie down. Cadmus found such a cow and followed it.



Entering a wilderness far from locality, the cow lay down. Prince Cadmus knew that the new city was to be built with that spot as its centre. He marked the place and went away.

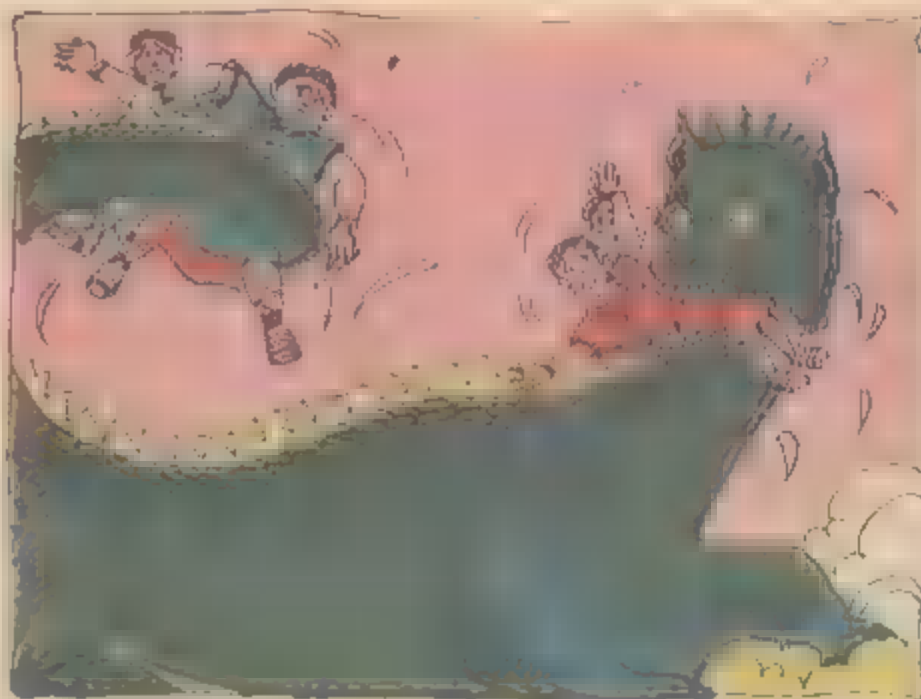


The prince was back at the spot with his followers. But before beginning to work on a city, they must be sure that the place would have enough water for its inhabitants. The prince asked his men to locate any source of water.



After wandering for a while, the prince's followers heard the gurgling sound of a waterfall. Happily they ran there. When they began to drink from it, a ferocious demon emerged from behind the fall.

Soon the dragon took hold of the men. Despite their struggle to escape, it killed them. Their death-cry attracted Cadmus to the spot.



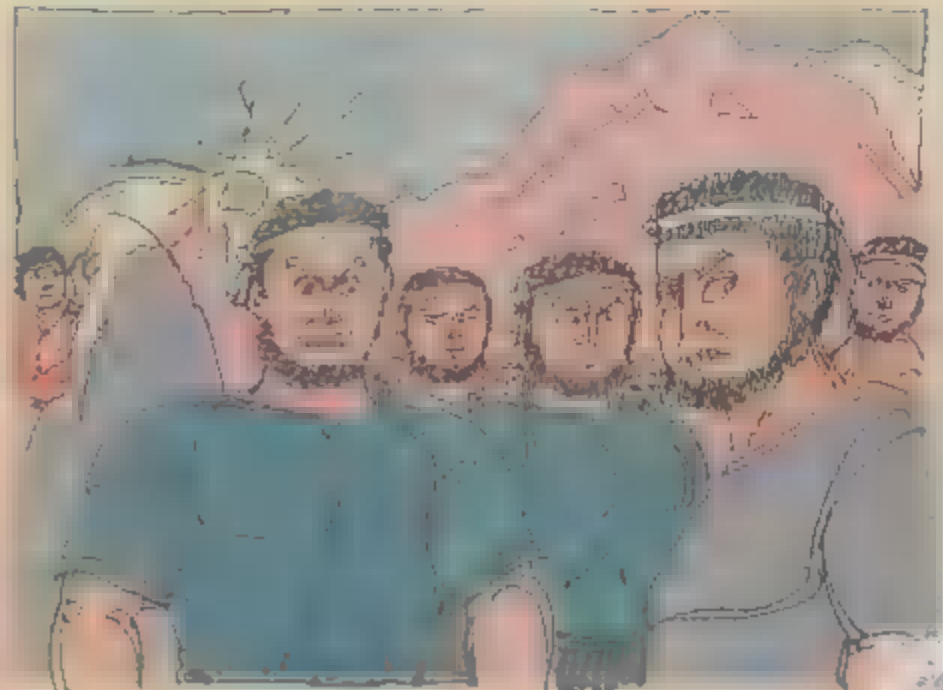
Prince Cadmus prayed to Goddess Athene. With Her Blessings, he fought the dragon valiantly. The fight went on for sometime, but at last the dragon was killed.

The dragon's teeth lay scattered. The prince collected them and buried them at ■ place. This he did at the advice of the goddess, because otherwise the teeth would have created great havoc.



Suddenly, out of the sown teeth a battalion of warriors sprang up. They looked angry. They would have killed whomever they saw. The prince hid behind a rock.

The prince, from his hiding hurled a stone into the throng o the warriors. The warriors did not know who threw it. "You threw it!" one of them accused another. The second one denied.





Soon everyone started accusing someone else as the mischief-monger who threw the stone. Their quarrel resulted in a fight. They fought on ferociously until they began to fall dead.

Only five of them survived the fight. They accepted Prince Cadmus as their leader, and were ready to help him build the proposed city. The prince was happy.



Thus he built the city of Thebes in Greece. The five warriors became the founders of the foremost noble families of Thebes. Centuries later the city was destroyed by Alexander the Great. The site is known today as Thivai.

IT IS ESTIMATED THAT ABOUT 6,020,000 SQUARE MILES (15,600,000 KM²) OR 10.4 PER CENT OF THE EARTH'S LAND SURFACE IS PERMANENTLY GLACIATED.

Glaciers



SNAKE KILLER

THE AFRICAN SECRETARY BIRD HUNTS ITS PREY ON FOOT INSTEAD OF IN THE AIR. IT FREQUENTLY KILLS SNAKES BY TRAMPLING THEM UNDERFOOT.

THE WORLD'S DEEPEST LAKE IS LAKE BAYKAL IN CENTRAL SIBERIA, USSR. IT IS 4,872 FT. (1,485M) DEEP.

DEEPEST LAKE



Meet The Creature —The Strongest And The Fastest

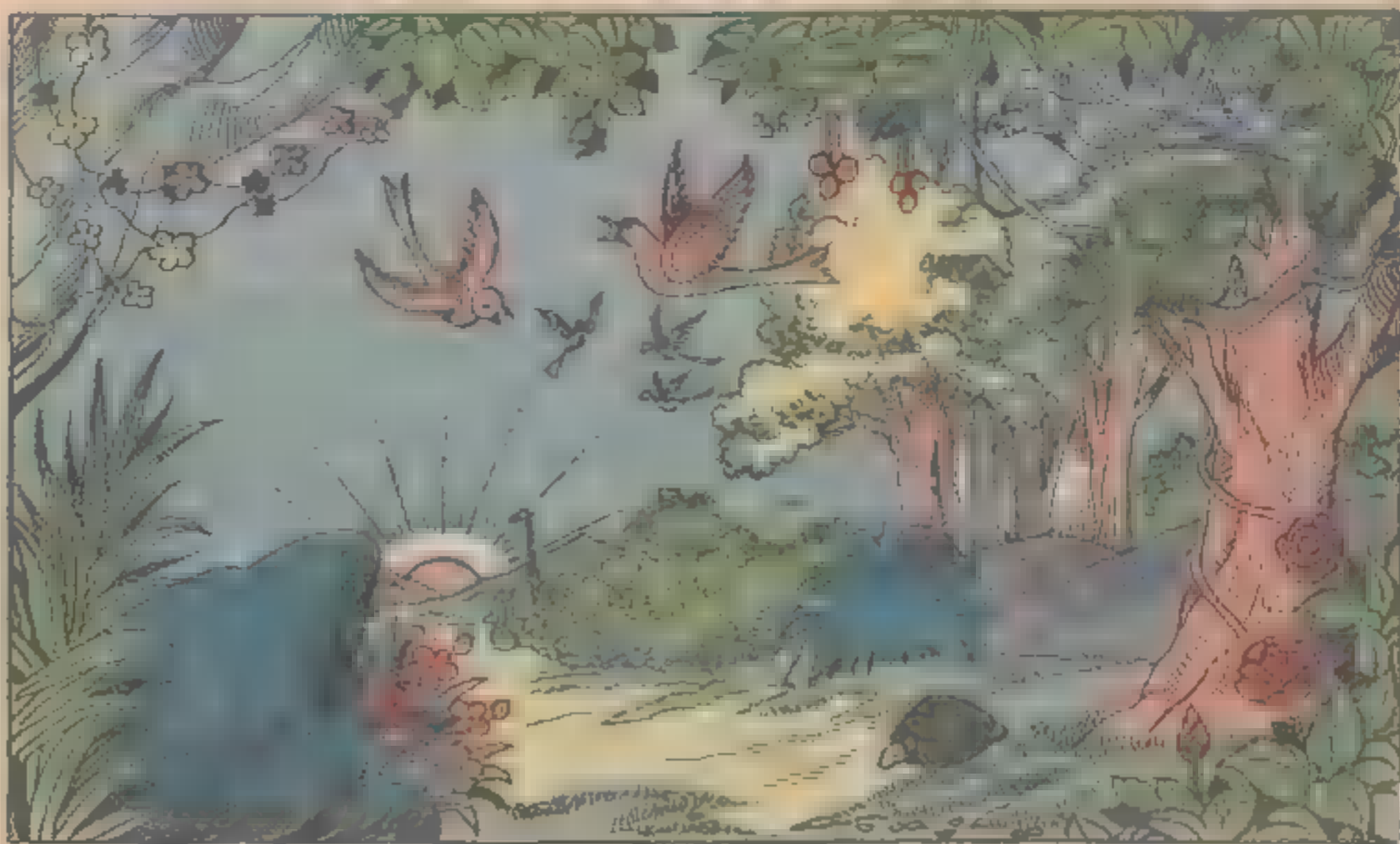
The jungle slowly woke up to the touch of the tender rays of the rising sun. It soon resounded with a cacaphony of different noises, soft and low, loud and shrill—crowing, chirping, cawing, squeaking, squealing, crackling, rattling, grunting, bellowing, roaring and trumpeting.

It is true, after Lion Shamba became king, law and order prevailed in the domain. But the hubbub and hullabaloo of the forest always disturbed the quiet

and peaceful life of the tortoise clan.

The tortoise by nature is a peace-loving creature. That is the reason perhaps it carries over it a hut-like structure and when it chooses it can retire in it and meditate or think. Due to this practice the tortoise has not only grown wise but also shrewd.

One day as Oudo the tortoise chief sat basking in the afternoon sun, suddenly he heard the approach of a rhythmic thunder. The ground under him shook and



some loose earth slipped into his burrow.

Before he could even shake the sleep off his drowsy eyes, the jungle squadron of elephants, led by Okuno the tusker, tramped into his sight. Their feet stamped hard and trunks were folded upwards like trumpets. At a signal from their leader, the elephants dispersed and started frolicking in the pool nearby and enjoying the palatable fruits, berries, twigs, leaves that were there in abundance.

But Okuno headed straight to the Tai Tai tree overlooking the burrow of the tortoise, to munch its juicy leaves.

Oudo could no longer bear the pandemonium. Placing himself before Okuno he said in a stern tone, "May I have a word with you, Windsack?"

The elephant's tiny, red-rimmed eyes blinked several times and looked skywards before his snuffing trunk detected Oudo.

"Insolent up-turned Bowl! How dare you speak to me in this fashion?" thundered Okuno.

"Calm down!" continued the tortoise, "It is high time that you wayward bulldozers behaved yourselves and left us in peace."



A colossal grey pillar, that is one of the forelegs of the tusker, went up and came down with a tremendous thud. But Oudo had nimbly retreated in the nick of time. Instead of being crushed, he was merely tossed into the air.

"Take care, little Nitwit! Think well before you act any further. Only a word from me to Weewee, the queen of the yonder ant-hill and you will see the light of the day no more. Those tiny friends of mine will devour your puny brain before you even have time to bat your eyelids," said the tortoise.

He then suddenly paused and thought for a while and then



continued in a more sober strain, "How can a noble being like myself do such a mischief? And under the righteous reign of our dear King Shamba? Otherwise to finish you is a mere child's play. Though small I am in stature, as far as strength is concerned, I am far greater."

Okuno eyeing the tortoise with surprise answered in a measured tone, "You've surely lost your mind. How could you ever imagine to be a match for me—an elephant and that too the Chieftain of the elephants!"

"Strength is not assessed by size or position," calmly replied the tortoise. "Why not we go for

a trial to decide who amongst us is the stronger!"

"Ah! That's a great idea! But what are the terms?" Okuno exclaimed as if he had already won the challenge.

"With one end of a rope between my jaws I shall dive into the pool, while you remain on the bank with the other end fastened around your neck. At a given signal you must tug me out of the water," explained the tortoise with a sly grin.

Forty pairs of enormous ears could hardly believe what they heard; such a cheeky bet was far below their chieftain's prestige. However the trial was finalised for the following day at noon.

Hootyhop the hare, spread the news of the coming event at lightning speed. On the morrow, well before sunrise, the forest dwellers gathered around the pool. By late morning, the banks were packed and the trees sagged under the weight of the feathered creatures. Poor Weewee had to crawl her way up the Giraffe's nose-tip to have a good view of the proceedings. The lord of the jungle, King Shamba, was seated right in front along with his two donkey confidants.

All was set for the tug to begin.

Oudo having dived into the pool had jerked the rope twice saying that he was ready. Okuno after flexing his body and legs, stood square with his knees half-bent.

The leopard held the rope. As his shadow shortened to the minimum, he knew that it was midday. Filling his lungs with air he growled, "Heave!" The rope tautened all of a sudden and sent the umpire somersaulting in the air.

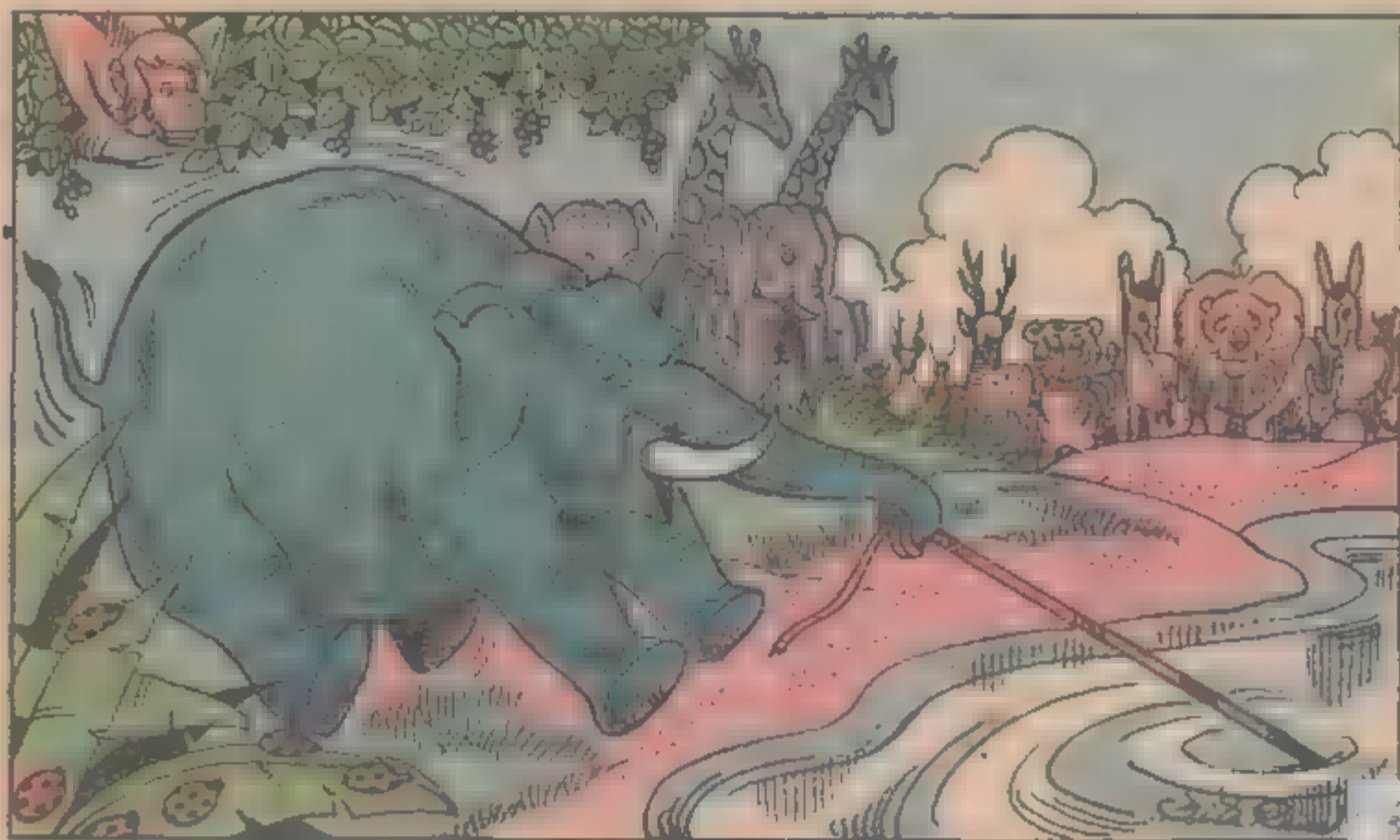
Hundreds and thousands of eyes watched the tussle with abated breath. Even the gibbering monkeys, perched on the lower tier of branches, were unusually quiet. Okuno pulled

with all his might, hind legs braced straight behind him. But alas! He was unable to advance even a hair's breadth.

A look of wonderment dawned on everyone's face. How could a mere feather-weight like the tortoise resist the mammoth's strength?

At the bottom of the pool lay a sunken tree. Oudo having swum to it, had tied the rope round its great trunk. Then jerking the cord twice made himself comfortable on the slime.

Okuno gave a final haul. The rope which was by now stretched to the utmost, snapped and down went the great tusker, flat



between his legs.

Then out of the water and into the sunshine scrambled Oudo. His end of the rope gripped tightly between his teeth. At once a storm of applause welcomed him.

The elephant, quivering with shame, slowly straightened himself up and stood in silence—trunk hanging down, ears drooping and eyes moist.

The following day as Oudo and family were trooping out of their home for the usual morning walk, a mouth-watering sight met their sleepy eyes. Under the Tai Tai tree there was a pile of delicious yams, fresh, green vegetables. And beside it stood the vanquished elephant.

“Brother Oudo, I’ve come to congratulate you for your extraordinary strength. Please accept these as a token of my appreciation,” said Okuno in a friendly tone.

Several days passed.

Now Obuki the hippopotamus and the elephant were the best of friends. In fact they were distant relations, though one tribe lived on land and the other in water.

On a hot afternoon, as Obuki was having his siesta, a group of monkeys gambolled onto the



branches overhanging the pool. They began relishing the ripe berries. At first the hippopotamus did not react as the seeds were thrown at him. But when the mischief continued, opening just one eye he shouted angrily, “Why can’t you leave me in peace, chattering nuts?”

“Ha! Ha!” laughed the monkey sitting on the bank. “Strange things are happening in the jungle, but you laze around all day long!”

The hippo learnt from them about the surprising incident and that Oudo the tortoise was now boasting that he could even outmatch any hippopotamus in

the jungle.

And one fine day as the hippo was floating joyfully in his favourite haunt in the river, the tortoise appeared and greeted him.

"Good morning floating Pig. Eat, drink and sleep is your only motto eh! No doubt you're growing fatter and sluggish every day."

"Ho! Ho! Ho!" laughed Obuki, his vast pink mouth wide open. "Dear Bandy Legs, your words are amusing indeed. Your snail-like pace is a mere crawl compared with mine."

"Come let's have a race then," replied the tortoise jauntily.

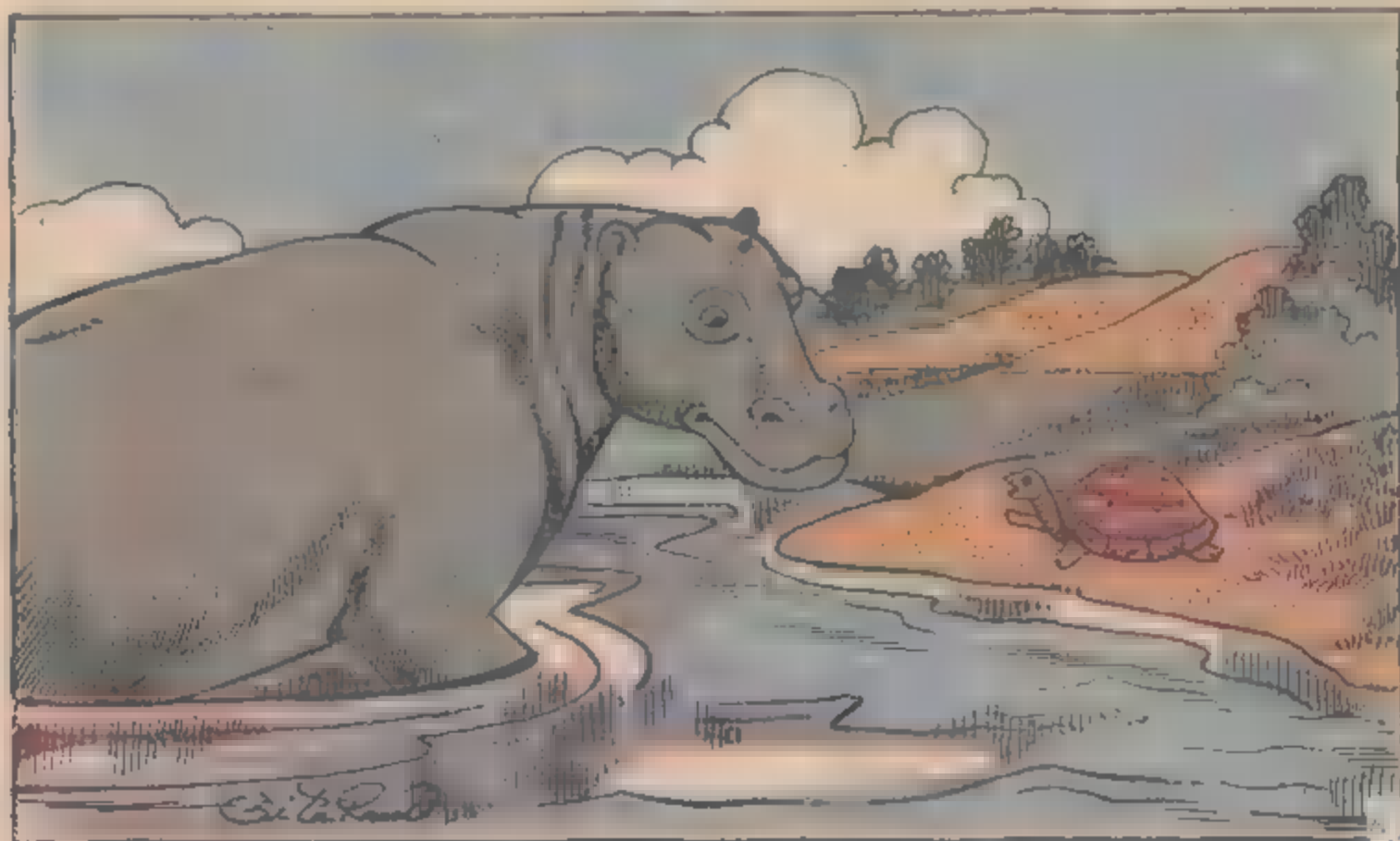
"Though I cannot swim very fast, I'm sure to beat you with ease."

Obuki laughed half-heartedly, for the tortoise seemed rather confident.

"Now I've to hurry home," continued the insolent reptile, "my folks must be waiting for lunch. But I'm going to return by sundown and we'll swim across to the other end of the creek. But let this be a very quiet affair. For I cannot bear to see you humiliated in public."

"That's perfectly well," said the pachyderm in a faint voice, "I'll be ready."

Oudo had a brother called Doudo. When seen together one





would fail to identify them for they looked the same. Oudo explained to Doudo what he should do. Nodding in approval Doudo let out a shout of joy.

"Restrain yourself brother," said Oudo hastily. "Reserve your mirth for the forthcoming triumph. Now I give you a couple of hours' start, off you go and remember to keep under cover."

Oudo went to meet Obuki the hippo, who was wallowing in the mud.

"Let's begin," said the tortoise. "Here are the conditions. The first to swim across to that palm tree wins. Once in the water, neither of us should rise above

the surface till the race is over. Mind you, one who does so loses."

"That's fine. But who'll be the starter?" asked Obuki.

"Why, since you've larger lungs than mine, you can well give the orders," said the tortoise slyly.

Obuki, a little flattered, took several deep breaths and then thundering out the signal, plunged straight into the blue water.

Oudo retreated into a thick bush and lay securely hidden.

Obuki made a great splash, sped faster than any other hippopotamus—careful all the while to swim deep under water. As he lurched ashore on the opposite bank, gasping for air, his eyes rolled in surprise in their bulging sockets. For under the palm stood the tortoise.

"Ah! I'm glad you're here at last!" the tortoise exclaimed with a deep sigh of relief. "In fact I had begun to fear some mishap might have befallen you."

So shaken and stunned was Obuki that he only glared at the victor.

"Nevertheless, let's get back quickly to the other side before nightfall. You may take it easy

now and float across leisurely. You'll find me waiting to welcome you there," said the tortoise feigning courtesy. Then he disappeared into the gleaming water.

Obuki sadly paddled back. As he climbed to the shore he saw the tortoise smilingly sitting in the faint light.

"I hope you're convinced now," said Oudo with a twinkle in his eyes. "How could you ever imagine beating me, little boy?" You must be exhausted. Good-night, dear friend, and sweet dreams to you."

The hippopotamus retired to his lair by the river. Alas! Only dreams he had were those in which he saw and heard all the animals of the forest laughing at him.

Oudo continued to drowse in the soft green weeds. Not before long another tortoise was seen

shuffling towards him through the dusky gloom.

"Very well done, brother Doudo," he said. "You played your part tactfully indeed. You certainly deserve a sumptuous dinner."

Days passed. One pleasant evening as Oudo was waddling on the sandy stretch, he saw both Okuno and Obuki approaching him. They asked the tortoise to be their close associate and adviser. At first he was reluctant but as they insisted, he finally yielded and said, "Since I cannot be in water and land at the same time, my brother Doudo will live with Obuki and I shall give company to Okuno."

From then on it was not rare to see Oudo riding the elephant and Doudo perched on the hippo's nose while he glided through the water.

—Retold by Anup Kishore Das



THE MAGIC LUDDOO

The king heard that a great physician who lived in the neighbouring kingdom had invented ■ sweetmeat—a *luddoo*—that would give one long life. He invited the physician through ■ messenger.



The physician from the other kingdom arrived with four magic *luddoos* in a plate. The happy king himself garlanded the physician.

Suddenly the court-jester rushed forward and picked up a *luddoo* and began eating it. Everybody was surprised.



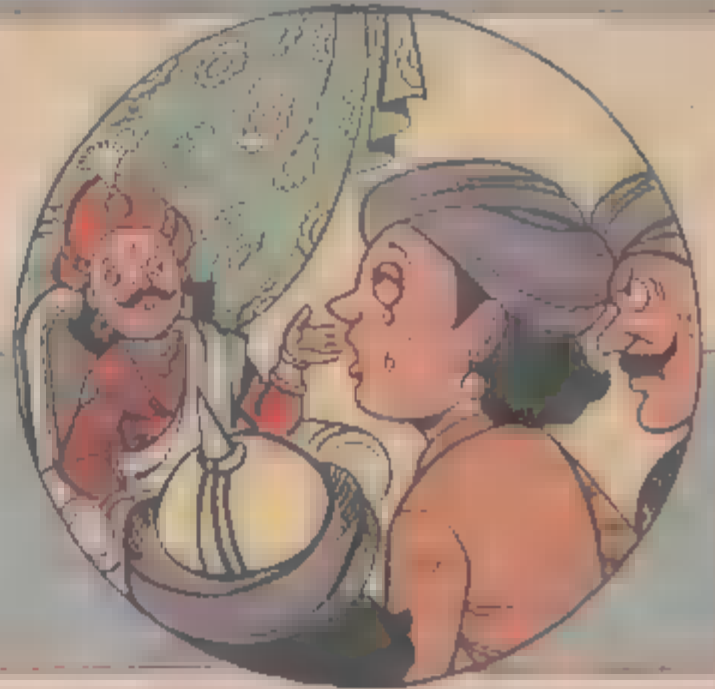
"Take hold of the mad chap!" shouted the king. The king's bodyguards captured the jester. The half-eaten *luddoo* fell from his hand.





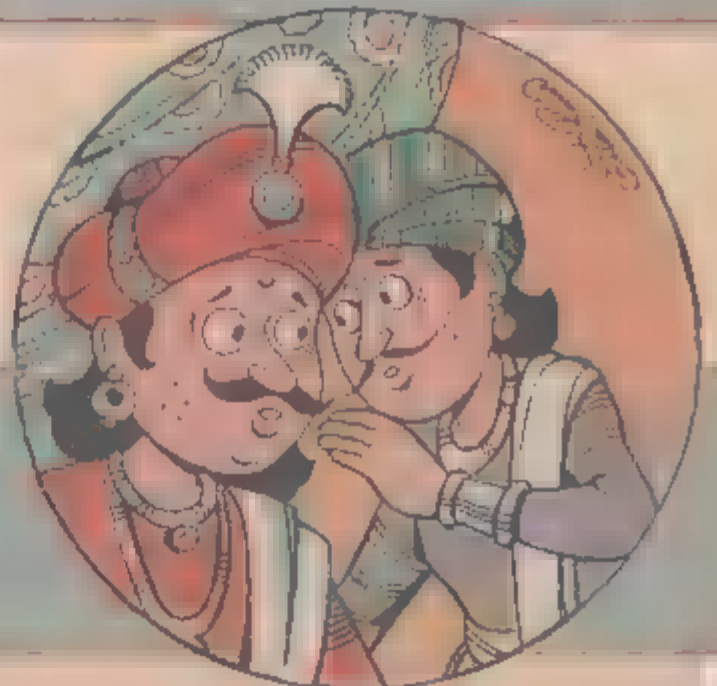
Said the angry king, "How dare you touch the magic *luddoo* meant for me? Be ready to face the consequence—death!"

The jester shed tears. "No use crying!" said the king. "I am crying for you, my lord!" replied the jester.



"Why for me?" asked the king. "My lord, by eating only half of the magic *luddoo* I am going to die. What will happen to you when you eat a full *luddoo*?" said the jester.

The king saw sense in what the jester said. Soon his chief spy told him that the physician was a cheat, a spy of the neighbouring king. By then the false physician had slipped away.





THE MIRACLE MAN

Vimpet was a prosperous village. People practising different trades lived in the village. That is why it was not necessary for the villagers to depend on anybody outside their village. They received whatever they needed in the village itself.

The village physician, Satya Sharma, took care of the health of the villagers. His father had been a great physician so had been his grandfather. He maintained the tradition.

One day a fellow who gave out his name as Netravan, to camp in the village. He claimed that he had passed many years in the Himalayas and achieved some special virtues. He could know the nature of a patient's disease by looking into the latter's eyes. He had with him herbs from the Himalayas which

would cure any disease.

Some patients sought his help and were cured of their ailments. But Satya Sharma suspected that the fellow was a liar. He confided his suspicion to some respectable villagers. When one of them reported it to Netravan, the angry new physician said, "Satya is a fool. Like a frog who takes his well to be the world, he thinks that whatever he learnt from his father was all that was there to be learnt! Let him become my disciple and I will teach him some of the secrets of true treatment!"

Satya Sharma expected some such outburst. He went to him and said humbly, "I have come to learn some of the secrets you promised to teach."

Netravan laughed and in a bid to avoid him said, "Well, wait. I will call you when I have a little

time. Maybe next year."

Satya Sharma's suspicions were strengthened. He discussed the issue with the village elders. They agreed with him that it was necessary to put the new physician to some intelligent test. Otherwise he might endanger the lives of the patients.

One night there was a knock on Netravan's door. He opened the door and saw two men, one young and the other old.

"Sir, this gentleman is my uncle," said the young man. "My uncle was perfectly normal till a week back. Suddenly he gave up eating, drinking and talking. Can you cure him? I will pay you to your satisfaction."

"Bring him in. Let him lie down. I must look into his eyes and find out what his disease is,"

said Netravan very gravely.

The old man lay down. Netravan gazed at his eyes and then said, "Hm! This is a rare disease. Cure would take time. But I can begin the treatment once you pay the preliminary fee."

Suddenly the old man sat up and said, "It is a small miracle that you make me speak. The greater miracle is, you could read the disease through my eyes even though I am totally blind!"

The village elders who were waiting outside rushed in. "Netravan! Enough is enough. You may now leave our village," they said.

Netravan stood speechless, his head hung. He packed up and left the village early in the morning. Needless to say, the young man was none other than Satya Sharma in disguise.

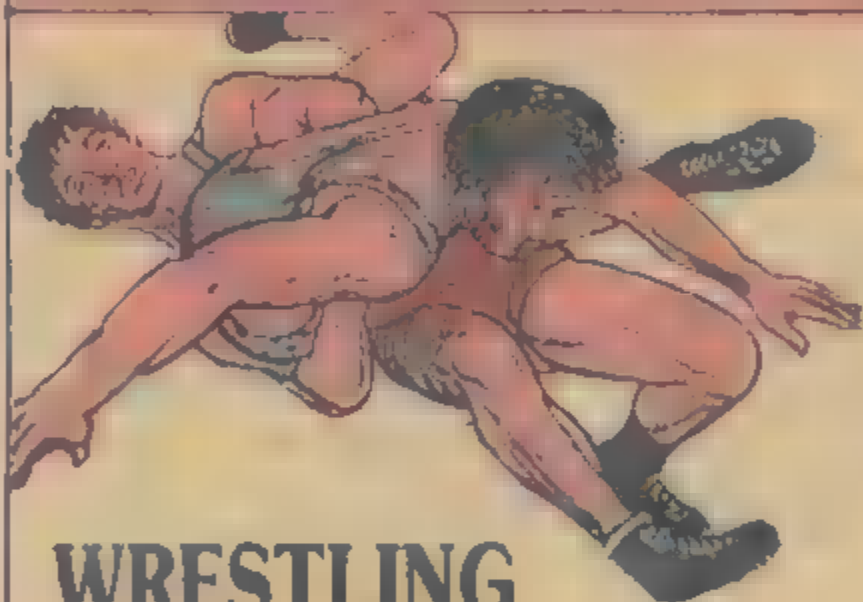
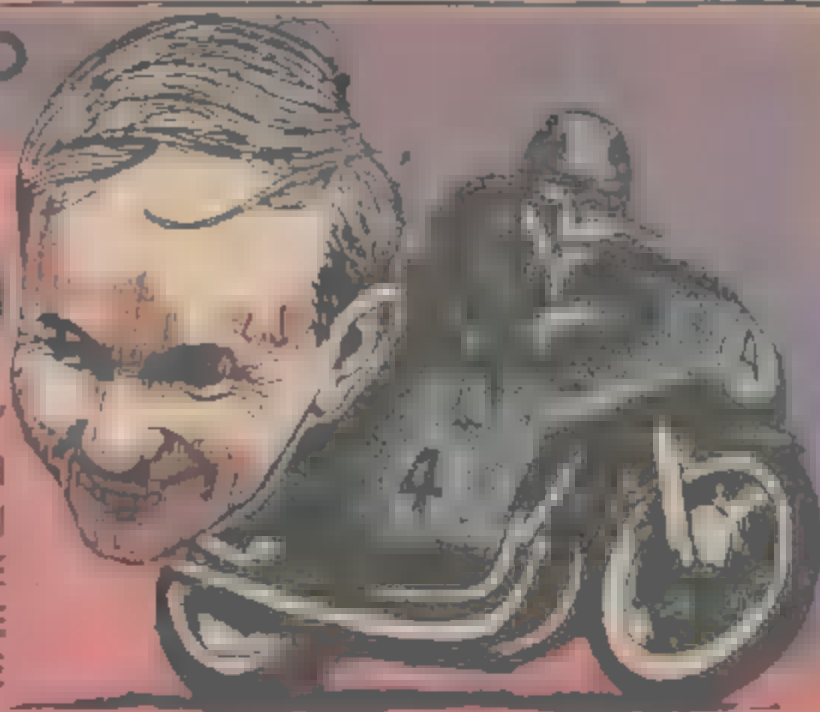


WORLD RECORDS

■ CHAMP—ON TWO WHEELS AND FOUR



JOHN SURTEES WAS THE ONLY WORLD CHAMPION ON BOTH TWO WHEELS AND FOUR. IN 1956, 1958, 1959, AND 1960 HE WAS WORLD MOTOR-CYCLE CHAMPION. IN 1964 HE BECAME WORLD CHAMPION DRIVER.



GRAECO-ROMAN WRESTLING DIFFERS FROM FREE-STYLE WRESTLING IN THAT USE OF THE LEGS AND HOLDING BELOW THE BELT IS FORBIDDEN.

WRESTLING

BRITAIN'S WORLD CHAMPION PARACHUTIST JACQUELINE SMITH MADE TEN PERFECT JUMPS FROM 2,500FT ONTO A FOUR-INCH DISC (10CM) AT ZAGREB, YUGOSLAVIA, IN 1978.



LADY PARA CHAMP



Long long ago, in the hilly region of Suvarnagiri, lived a Vanara hero named Keshari. There were sixty thousand Vanaras, beings with monkey-like traits, in the region. Keshari ruled over them.

The hero was rightly called Keshari or the lion, because he had killed two ferocious elephants named Samkha and Shavala which were harassing the sages living at Prabhas, a holy place.

Keshari was not only a hero, but also a man of strong character. He practised celibacy and meditation and thereby cultivated many a rare virtue.

A demon named Sham-

vasadhan succeeded in pleasing Brahma and obtained a rare boon from the great God which enabled him to conquer all the three realms of creation—the heavens, the earth and the Patala or the netherworld. He became very proud and arrogant and caused much trouble for sages and gods.

When the gods complained to Brahma about the menace that was the demon, He advised them to approach Keshari. The gods accordingly went to Suvarnagiri and met Keshari and requested him to stop the tyranny of Shamvasadhan.

Sage Narada paid a visit to Shamvasadhan. The demon

THE GLORIOUS INFANT



received him with respect and asked, "O illustrious sage! What is the purpose of your visit? Are you out on some important mission?"

"Well, I happened to pass through Suvarnagiri. I was amazed to find there several gods. They were requesting a Vanara hero to suppress you. I thought it proper to inform you about the danger," said Narada.

Shamvasadhan was terribly agitated at the news. He screamed, "If the gods are still moving about freely, it is because I have not thrown them into prison. But since they have mustered the audacity to conspire against me,

I will destroy them in no time. That would be a lesson for others too!"

The demon flourished his dazzling sword and still screaming, he once set out for Suvarnagiri.

At Suvarnagiri, the gods grew panicky. They ran helter-skelter, trying to find shelter in caves and crevices.

The demon roared, "You can't escape my wrath, however you try. I am here, determined to finish you all!"

He suddenly confronted by Keshari.

"Fight with me, if you are so eager to fight." Keshari threw the unexpected challenge.

"What! A mere Vanara has the cheek to challenge me to fight!" shouted the surprised demon as he raised his sword. Keshari hurled a giant rock at the demon. In return the demon hurled a mace at him. The mace struck Keshari's chest all right, but it was shattered to pieces. The demon was taken aback, but without any loss of time, he hurled a trident at Keshari. The Vanara hero caught it in the air and pressing it against his knee, broke it into two. Thereafter the demon tried to



Vinayak





pounce upon his adversary with his sword. But Keshari, with his tail, gave such a lightning blow on the demon's wrist that the sword fell off his grip.

The demon thought that it was below his dignity to pick up the sword. He advanced barehanded to wrestle with Keshari. But the wrestling did not last long. With continuous blows, Keshari threw the demon flat on the ground.

The demon was dead. The gods were delighted. They told Keshari, "We bless you, be lucky in your family life."

This gave Keshari the idea of marriage. He began to look for a

suitable bride.

Ahalya, a woman created by Brahma, had married Gautama, a sage. They had a charming little daughter named Anjana.

Anjana, in her previous birth, was a heavenly singer, Sukanthi by name. Once while roaming about in the Himalayas, she and her companions had happened to see a certain sage passing by. Sukanthi laughed at him because his figure was not well-balanced. That made the sage quite angry. He had thrown a curse at her: "You shall be the mother of ■ child who would not look like ■ human being!".

The curse remained valid even when Sukanthi was reborn as Anjana.

A childless Vanara named Kunjara pleased Lord Shiva by his intense prayers. When Shiva appeared before him, he asked the compassionate God to grant him a child. But Shiva said, "My son! You cannot have a child of your own. But don't you worry. A daughter will soon be available to you. In due course the daughter will give birth to ■ son of marvellous power and virtues.

Kunjara looked forward to the day when a daughter would come

to him. At last Gautama brought Anjana to him and said, "Would you like to bring up this child?" Kunjara's joys knew no bounds.

Anjana soon forgot all about her parents. She looked upon Kunjara as her father and his wife, Vidyavali, as her mother. They lived happily.

Years passed. When Anjana was of marriageable age, her foster-parents looked for a suitable bridegroom.

Keshari heard about Anjana's beauty and virtues. He went to steal a glimpse of her. He was charmed to see her moving about in the forest, her body radiating a golden aura. He felt that he would be fortunate if he could get her for his wife.

Keshari returned to his home and confided to his intimate friends his desire to marry Anjana.

"Kunjara is a noble soul. He is worthy of our reverence. We will meet him and propose your marriage with his daughter. Let us see how he reacts," said Keshari's friends.

Kunjara received Keshari's message with great joy. What could be a greater glory than having a hero like Keshari for one's



son-in-law?

But when the proposal was put to Anjana, she politely said, "I know Keshari to be a brave young hero. But so far as I am concerned, I have decided to lead the life of a hermitess. I should not marry."

Keshari heard this. He appreciated Anjana's attitude and told her, "I am deeply impressed by you. I had no desire to get married. But my kinsmen insist that I should leave an heir behind me. Providence will take care of that. Please call me whenever you are in need of any help."

As Anjana sat in unbroken



was by her *tapasya*, she alone could stand up to the occasion.

Anjana was happy. At the same time she knew that the child to be born would be a great hero and a great devotee of Lord Vishnu. In due course the child was born. She remembered how anxious Keshari was to have an heir. She called him through her meditation. Keshari was delighted to claim the wonderful new-born baby as his heir.

The gods rejoiced at the birth of Anjana's child. They greeted the mother and the child with a shower of flowers.

meditation, the god of Wind often brought different fruits and left them in her palms. She ate them whenever it became absolutely necessary to do so.

One day Lord Shiva was in a mood to create something new. His will became a power and the power became a fruit. The god of Wind carried it to Anjana.

Anjana ate the fruit. After sometime she realised that a child was growing in her womb. The god of Wind explained to her that there was no other woman who could have been capable of bearing the power emanating from Lord Shiva. Purified as Anjana

Anjana left the child on a bed of leaves and went out for a while. The child was already hungry. He crawled out of the hut and looked around. Just then the sun was rising above the eastern hills. The red round sun lured the infant. Taking it to be some wonderful fruit or sweetmeat, the infant made a vault into the sky and flew towards it. Gods and Yakshas and angels around the sun were at their wit's end. They were afraid that a great crisis was about to befall the creation.

But the sun explained to those around him, "This infant is Anjaneya, the child of Anjana,

possessing the strength of Lord Shiva. Great things are to be accomplished by him in the future. He has mistaken me as his food and is coming to swallow me. However, there is no danger from him."

When the infant came nearer, the sun felt a deep affection for him and reduced the heat emanated by himself. Anjaneya swallowed him up. But since he was so hot, the child brought him out. The child then tried again and again to swallow him and played with him enthusiastically.

That was a day of eclipse. Rahu was to gobble up the sun. But looking at Rahu coming towards him, the infant Anjaneya let out a terrific shriek. That scared Rahu and he took to his heels.

Rahu hurried to the court of Indra. The court was then in a jol-

ly spirit, with Vidyadhara singing and Tumbura and Narada playing their Veenas. The nymphs were dancing. Indra was seated on his luminous throne. Rahu shouted at him, "You keep yourself engrossed in music and dance, eh? Don't you realise that things hitherto unheard of have started happening?"

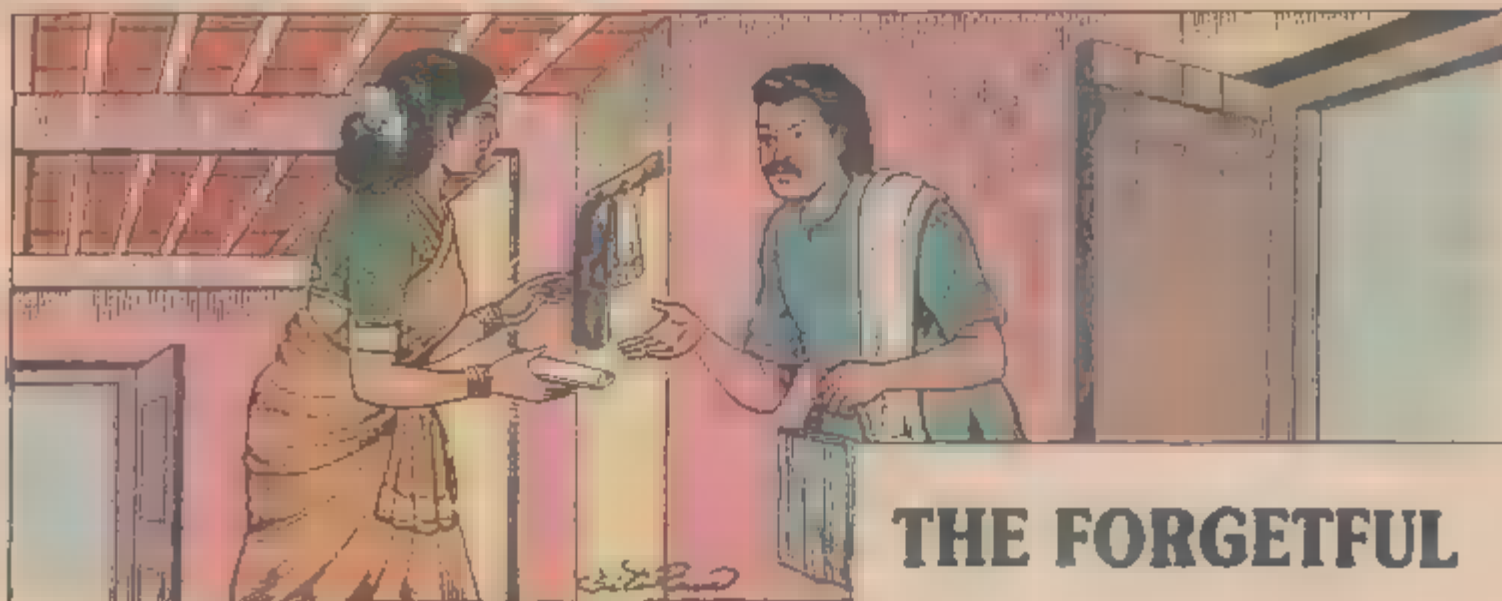
"What do you mean?" asked the surprised Indra.

"According to the celestial law I was expected to swallow up the sun today. But I was taken aback to find a rival doing my work! If such is the new arrangement, what am I to do?" Rahu said in a huff.

Indra was no less surprised. "I never heard of such a thing!" said he and instantly went out, carrying his thunder along, guided by Rahu, to see what the matter was.

--- To continue





THE FORGETFUL

Ramesh was a very good boy — honest and generous. But he suffered from one great defect. He was extremely forgetful. His friends loved him and they tried to remember things on his behalf, reminding him of the works that awaited his attention.

Ramesh graduated and got a good job in the town. He was married to Sushila, a girl of his own village. Sushila knew Ramesh quite well. She was prepared to face the problems that might arise because of his forgetful nature.

The couple shifted to the town. In fact, Ramesh's residence was situated a mile away from the town. It was a good locality.

Sushila needed a few important items for setting up her household. She asked Ramesh to buy them from the town. Said Ramesh, "You know my nature.

Unless you make a list of the items we need, I cannot buy them."

"Here is the list," said Sushila, handing it over to her husband. Ramesh read it and folded it and kept it in a small pocket which was in the inner side of his shirt. "Now it is safe!" he said with a chuckle. "I will buy the things after office hours."

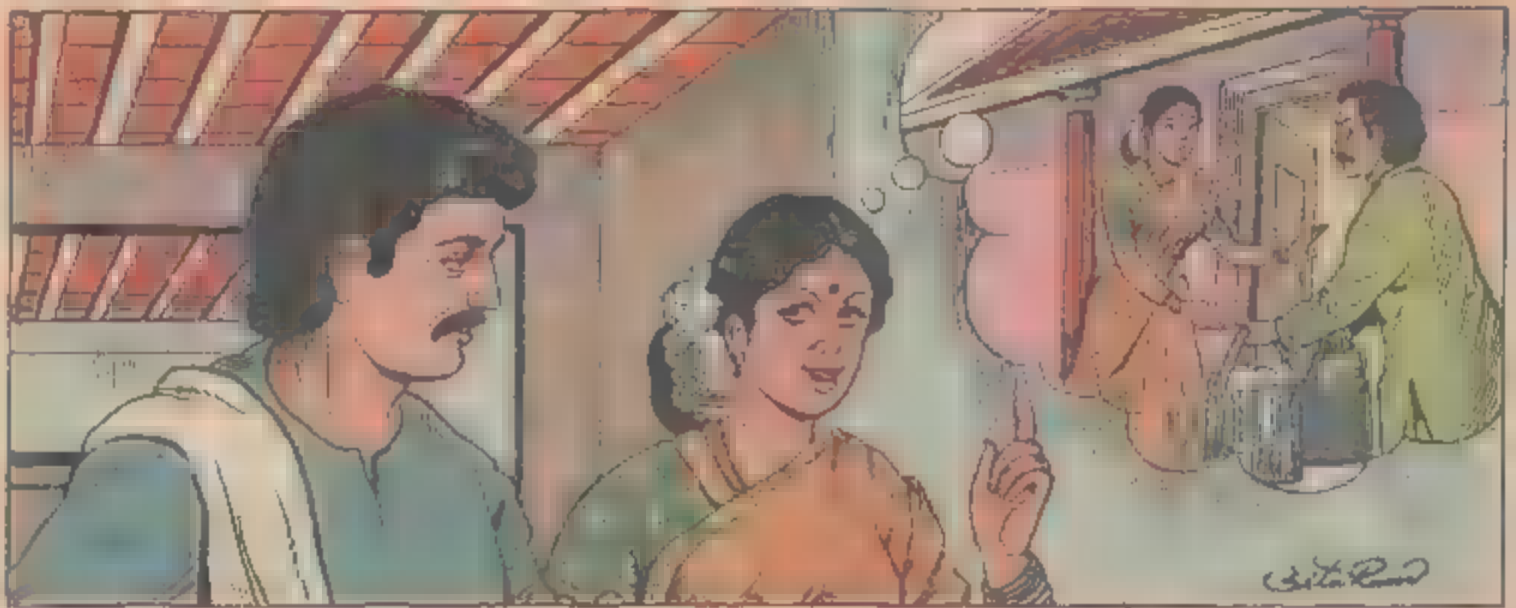
But he returned in the evening looking sad. "I forgot where I left that list," he said.

"Is it not there in your inner pocket?" asked Sushila.

Ramesh found the paper. He had forgotten the fact that there was an inner pocket hidden in his shirt.

"This time I will keep the paper in my front pocket," he said.

But next day he returned empty-handed and explained that



he had carried the list all right, but had forgotten to carry his purse!

"This time I will keep the purse and the list together in my pocket," he said and he did so.

Alas! he returned the next day to report that his pocket had been picked. Both the list and the purse had been stolen.

Sushila laughed and revealed that they had not been stolen. They were in the pocket of another shirt!

"This time I will put on the shirt containing the list and the purse right from the morning, so

that I do not put on another shirt when I go out," Ramesh said and he acted accordingly.

Two days later he looked very sad when he was back at home.

"What's the matter with you? Why do you look so sad?" asked Sushila.

"I don't know what happened to the items I bought-where I left them!" said Ramesh.

Sushila laughed and laughed. "You brought everything home, but that was yesterday," she said.

"O God! How I forget things!" said Ramesh, joining Sushila in her laughter.

Have more than thou showest,

Speak less than thou knowest,

Lend less than thou owest.

—Shakespeare

ANGLO-INDIAN AND INDO-ANGLIAN!

"Seven friends" C/o K. Babu, Velivela, wish to know the meaning of *Sixth sense*.

Generally we know everything around us through our five senses: sight, hearing, touch, smell and taste. If someone is capable of knowing something which the others have not been able to know through the normal senses, then we can say that he is endowed with a *sixth sense*. Often it is used as a synonym for intuition.

Padmini Dasgupta of Calcutta wonders what is the difference between Anglo-Indian and Indo-Anglian.

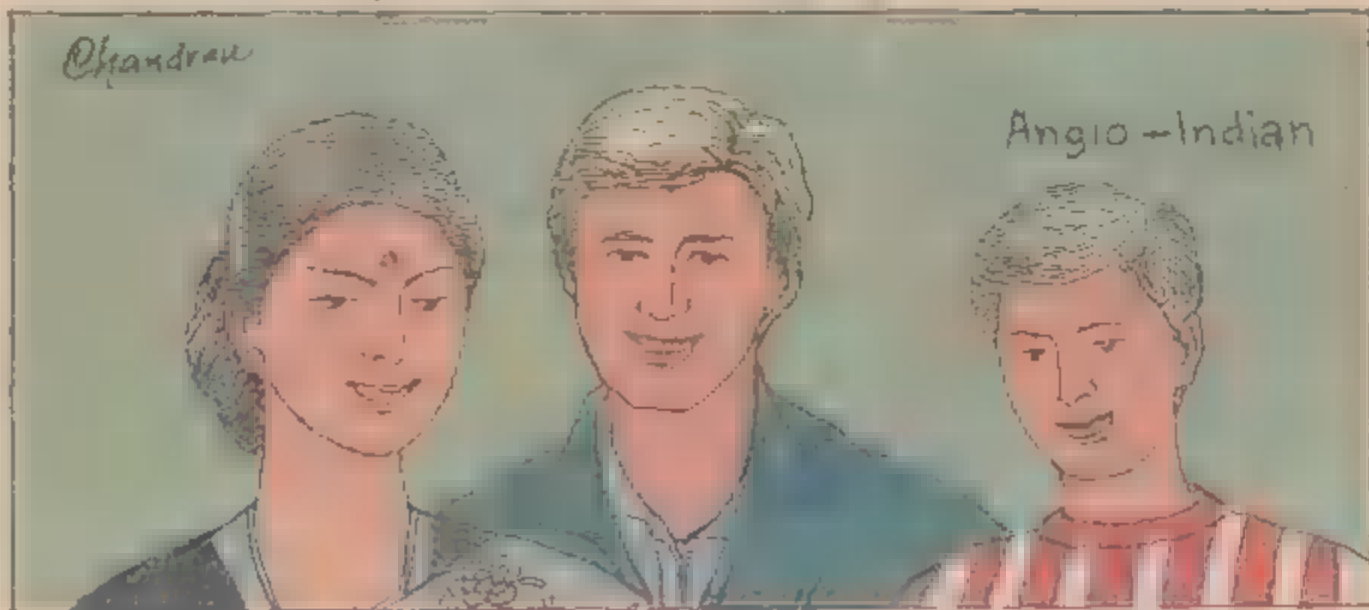
Anglo-Indian refers to one born of or descended from parents one of whom was an Indian and the other English. The Anglo-Indians living in India are an Indian community, several of whom have distinguished records of service to India in different ways. *Indo-Anglian* refers to writings by Indians in English. We should not confuse *Anglian* with *Anglican*. The latter refers to matters or persons concerning the Church of England.

Bani Chakraborty of Bombay (West) would like to know the significance of the phrase: *August company*.

August means dignified and serene. If you say, "I am honoured to be in this *august company*", you are giving a compliment to your companions or associates.

"I never suspected him to pull the wool over my eyes," writes Jamuna Joshi's pen-friend, an English girl. Jamuna is not sure what she meant.

Well, to *pull the wool over someone's eyes* means to deceive that person, to check him cleverly from seeing what is going on.



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M. Natarajan

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The Winning Entry:— "CHEERS" & "NO TEARS"

PICKS FROM THE WISE

Wise sayings often fall on barren ground; but a kind word is never thrown away.

—Sir Arthur Helps

Knowledge is of two kinds. We know a subject ourselves, or we know where we can find information upon it.

—Samuel Johnson

Of all men's miseries the bitterest is this, to know so much and to have control over nothing.

—Herodotus



**Ta dum,
They
is here**

**Oops!
Kiddy grammar
sure is catchy—Ya,
they are here.**

Bow Wow 'n' Floppy the doggies
(wuff! wuff!), Jumbo the elephant, Wabbit
the rabbit, Teddy 'n' Sporty your bear bud-
dies, the mouse of your house—Squeeks,
not to mention Flipper the dolphin 'n'
Bunny with the Twins. They are all
part of the CUDDLES family. And
hang on—there's more
to come.



The one thing we
didn't do while
making our toys
was fool around.
We left that
entirely for
your kid to do.
Come, check us out.

What stuffing to use,
what shape to give,
which colour to use.....
We've spent long
months in designing and
crafting the toys which can
take on the toughest torture
test ever—childhandling. To

CUDDLES

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A KOKONUT
IN YOUR
MOUTH



nutrine
COOKIES



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